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J. H. MORISON,
E. PEABODY,
A. P. PEABODY,
F. D. HUNTINGTON. } EDITORS.

☞ All communications, as well as letters of business, should be addressed to THE PUBLISHER.

For the Register.

A YEAR OF LIFE.

It was the last night of the year. Months and days had wasted away, and we could only count by hours or moments the little time which remained. We prepared to yield ourselves to those thoughts and memories which will come at such seasons, with more or less distinctness, to every mind.

There was a gentle knock at the door, and an old gentleman entered; his hair was frosted by age, his countenance was mild and thoughtful, and in his hand he carried a neatly bound volume. In a moment he was seated at our side, and as he placed the book upon the table we saw it was lettered "A YEAR OF LIFE—1849." Our companion opened the volume and placed before us a well sketched picture; the subject, *a wedding*. Need we describe it? Every one of our readers can bring forth from the treasures of memory a picture more true and full of life, than any which Hogarth could draw. Still we were willing to pause and study it; but in a moment the leaf was turned. What a change! The festal scene had disappeared, and in its place was a darkened room and a couch upon which rested the form of a young man, still in death. Beside it sat a young woman; yet death and mental agony had not wrought such changes that we failed to recognise the bridal pair. We turned away, and our friend brought before us the last scene—a maniac's cell; the bride was the sole occupant. "These are sad pictures" we said. "Not so sad as the reality of life" was the calm reply.

That bride was surrounded by parents, brothers, sisters and troops of friends who delighted in her happiness. She was soon to become the mistress of a well-furnished home, and to enjoy the life-long companionship of one she had loved from childhood. She possessed those fairy gifts, a kind heart, a sunny smile, a silver voice, with which to gain her desires. What more could she need? She had heard in the Church Christian truths uttered. She did not doubt them. But what need had she of their strength, their support? When she went down the lane to carry some delicacy to that poor, lonely, sick widow, she was glad that the poor woman found comfort, amid her desolation, in the thoughts of a Father's love and a heavenly home, and the maiden returned to her own bright fireside with a more joyous spirit. Had some kind friend, upon an autumn day, called her attention to the clear light of the morning, and then asked her to note the gathering of the black clouds and the whistling of the bleak winds before noon, she would have turned, half in play, half in anger, from the croaker who would thus suggest the possibility of evil: The tempest came and the house built upon the sand fell.

Already there was another and very different picture before us. The scene was *a rural festival;* an attempt to portray one of those efforts which are now made to unite religious thoughts and feelings with social pleasures. Is not this union what the world needs? Will religion ever afford its full strength and support to us in the hour of trial and temptation, if it is not familiar to the soul in its lightest, most cheerful moments? In a storm the sailor may kneel before an angry God and entreat his pardon and protection; but will he feel that "God is love" if he has not learnt the lesson by his mother's side or from the manly yet child-like confidence of his father? Will it be easy, natural, for the merchant to be just amid the heat of competition, if the boy is not just with his marbles? The group before us was sketched at the moment when song, laugh and play were hushed, and all were gathered for a brief religious service in nature's temple. There was to be a baptism. As we looked upon the faces of parents and child, we felt sure that it was not a formal service. Those parents had come to pour forth their gratitude to the Giver of life and to consecrate their little one to His service. They would seek to sow the seed and to nurture the plant in such a manner that sunshine and shower, summer heat and autumn wind, joy, trial, duty and temptation, might each and all bring to it fresh strength and new life.

The next picture was in harmony with the last. It presented to us *a library*. The occupants were an old gentleman, whose countenance, although changed by disease, still beamed with intelligence and benevolence— nd a younger man, whose benignant expression showed that the title APOSTLE was not altogether inapt. In the door-way stood a little girl with a boquet. It was evidently the picture of the close of a well-spent life—a life marked by industry, temperance, faith, hope, charity. The countenance was familiar. It reminded us of one who enjoyed to the full the blessings of his lot; yet was willing and ready to depart when the summons came. It reminded us of one who could enjoy with enthusiastic delight the discourse of the wise and find pleasure in the prattle of children—of one who retained in old age the innocence, purity, sincerity and gladness of heart of a child. Must old age be gloomy, filled with mournful memories and peevish complaints! If one would be strong in virtue must he first relinquish his childish innocence!

Our companion invited us to look at another sketch, which represented with an artist's skill the result of the struggle with temptation. The scene was *the home of the reformed*. It might have been Thanksgiving or Christmas Eve. The father, who had been lost and now was found, had just entered, bringing with him the result of his labors. But we cannot describe the glad scene—the quiet, trembling joy of the wife and mother—the boisterous mirth of the children. We asked ourselves, could not every one bring gladness to his home by casting aside some evil habit? Have you a fretful, fault-finding temper? Try the experiment. Cast it aside and see if this is not the happiest year your household has ever known? Are you selfish? Try the experiment of being generous. Try it! and see if smiling faces do not surround you.

We turned to look again at the picture, we awoke—our companion and *dream* had, alike, vanished. P.

[Two articles, by the writer of the above, published in two previous papers, "Wayside Sunday Visits," and "Sunday at Home," should bear the same signature, "P."]

COLUMBUS.

In reading Mr. Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature, we have been very much impressed with the account of Columbus,—an account which, in the words of Mr. Prescott," contains passages from the correspondence of that remarkable man, which, after all that has been written on the subject,—and so well written,—throw important light on his character. It is a great thing that in looking back on the three epochs of our American history, we find such men as Washington, the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, and Columbus,—men whosemoral greatness stands out more decidedly with each developement of our history. We are sure that our readers will thank us for the following extracts from Mr. Ticknor's great work.

"But the great voyagings of the Spaniards were not destined to be in the East. The Portuguese, led on originally by Prince Henry, one of the most extraordinary men of his age, had, as it were, already appropriated to themselves that quarter of the world by discovering the easy route of the Cape of Good Hope; and, both by the right of discovery and by the provisions of the well-known Papal bull and the equally well-known treaty of 1479, had cautiously cut off their great rivals, the Spaniards, from all adventure in that direction; leaving open to them only the wearisome waters that were stretched out unmeasured towards the West. Happily, however, there was one man to whose courage even the terrors of this unknown and dreaded ocean were but spurs and incentives, and whose gifted vision, though sometimes dazzled from the height to which he rose, could yet see, beyond the waste of waves, that broad continent which his fervent imagination deemed needful to balance the world. It is true, Columbus was not born a Spaniard. But his spirit was eminently Spanish. His loyalty, his religious faith and enthusiasm, his love of great and extraordinary adventure, were all Spanish rather than Italian, and were all in harmony with the Spanish national character, when he became a part of its glory. His own eyes, he tells, us had watched the silver cross, as it slowly rose for the first time above the towers of the Alhambra, announcing to the world the final and absolute overthrow of the infidel power in Spain; and from that period,—or one even earlier, when some poor monks from Jerusalem had been at the camp of the two sovereigns before Granada, praying for help against the unbelievers in Palestine,—he had conceived the grand project of consecrating the untold wealth he trusted to find in his westward discoveries, by devoting it to the rescue of the Holy City and sepulchre of Christ; thus achieving, by his single power and resources, what all Christendom and its ages of crusades had failed to accomplish.

Gradually these and other kindred ideas took firm possession of his mind, and are found occasionally in his later journals, letters, and speculations, giving to his otherwise quiet and dignified style a tone elevated and impassioned like that of prophecy. It is true, that his adventurous spirit, when the mighty mission of his life was upon him, rose above all this, and, with a purged vision and through a clearer atmosphere, saw, from the outset, what he at last so gloriously accomplished; but still, as he pressed onward, there not unfrequently break from him words which leave no doubt, that in his secret heart, the foundations of his great hopes and purposes were laid in some of the most magnificent illusions that are ever permitted to fill the human mind. He believed himself to be, in some degree at least, inspired; and to be chosen of Heaven to fulfil certain of the solemn and grand prophecies of the Old Testament. He wrote to his sovereigns in 1501, that he had been induced to undertake his voyages to the Indies, not by virtue of human knowledge, but by a Divine impulse, and by the force of Scriptural prediction. He declared, that the world could not continue to exist more than a hundred and fifty-five years longer, and that many a year before that period, he counted the recovery of the Holy City to be sure. He expressed his belief, that the terrestrial paradise, about which he cites the fanciful speculations of Saint Ambrose and Saint Augustin, would be found in the southern regions of those newly discovered lands, which he describes with so charming an amenity, and that the Orinoco was one of the mystical rivers issuing from it; intimating, at the same time, that, perchance, he alone of mortal men would, by the Divine will, be enabled to reach and enjoy it. In a remarkable letter of sixteen pages, addressed to his sovereigns from Jamaica in 1503, and written with a force of style hardly to be found in any thing similar at the same period, he gives a moving account of a miraculous vision, which he believed had been vouchsafed to him for his consolation, when at Veragua, a few months before, a body of his men, sent to obtain salt and water, had been cut off by the natives, thus leaving him outside the mouth of the river in great peril.

"My brother and the rest of the people," he says, "were in a vessel that remained within, and I was left solitary on a coast so dangerous, with a strong fever and grievously worn down. Hope of escape was dead within me. I climbed aloft with difficulty, calling anxiously and not without many tears for help upon your Majesties' captains from all the four winds of heaven. But none made me answer. Wearied and still moaning, I fell asleep, and heard a pitiful voice which said: 'O fool, and slow to trust and serve thy God, the God of all! What did He more for Moses, or for David his servant? Ever since thou wast born, thou hast been His especial charge. When He saw thee at the age where-with He was content, He made thy name to sound marvellously on the earth. The Indies, which are a part of the world, and so rich, He gave them to thee for thine own, and thou hast divided them unto others as seemed good to thyself, for He granted thee power to do so. Of the barriers of the great ocean, which were bound up with such mighty chains, He hath given unto thee the keys. Thou hast been obeyed in many lands, and thou hast gained an honored name among Christian men. What did He more for the people of Israel when he led them forth from Egypt? or for David, whom from a shepherd He made a king in Judea? Turn thou, then, again, unto Him and confess thy sin. His mercy is infinite. Thine old age shall not hinder thee of any great thing. Many inheritances hath He, and very great. Abraham was above a hundred years old when he begat Isaac; and Sarah, was she young? Thou callest for uncertain help; answer, Who hast afflicted thee so much and so often? God or the world! The privileges and promises that God giveth, He breaketh not, nor, after he hath received service, doth He say that thus was not his mind, and that His meaning was other. Neither punisheth He, in order to hide a refusal of justice. What He promiseth, that He fulfilleth, and yet more. And doth the world thus? I have told thee what thy Maker hath done for thee, and what He doth for all. Even now He in part showeth thee the reward of the sorrows and dangers thou hast gone through in serving others.' All this heard I, as one half dead; but answer had I none to words so true, save tears for my sins. And whosoever it might be that thus spake, he ended, saying, 'Fear not; be of good cheer; all these thy griefs are written in marble, and not without cause.' And I arose as soon as I might, and at the end of nine days the weather became calm."

Three years afterwards, in 1506, Columbus died at Valladolid, a disappointed, broken-hearted old man; little comprehending what he had done for mankind, and still less the glory and homage that through all future generations awaited his name."

We cut the following from an exchange paper. If the Barbary powers abolish slavery, and the Turks abolish religious intolerance, it would seem wise for us to import a few missionaries from Tunis and Constantinople, to teach us some of the first principles of our faith.

"Rev. H. G. O. Dwight gave a missionary lecture last Sabbath evening, to a crowded auditory, on Constantinople. Twenty years ago Mr. D. appeared in that field as a herald of salvation. The outward aspect presented little that was hopeful. Amid Mohammedans, Greeks, Jews and a mixed race called Turks, the banner of the cross was unfurled. God had preceded the work. He had in some measure prepared the way for the spread of the gospel. We heard years ago a Papal priest had written against the Papacy, and his writings are still steadily at work. The British Bible Society had not toiled in vain. A classical school had mellowed and elevated the mind, so that the early converts from the labors of our missionaries were persons educated at this school.

"In 1839 began that persecution so familiar to all who read the 'Herald.' Protestants were sent into perpetual exile. The congregations fell off at once. The missionaries were not recognized in the street by the converts, so great was the fear in the churches. And when the word of God was preached at all, it was preached at night, by ministers that went alone and in disguise, to the place of meeting.

"A young man in 1842 embraced the Mohammedan faith, and then deserted it. The penalty, by the law of the Turks, was death. He fled the country—came back in disguise, and was seized. The English ambassador, at the request of the mother of Himinal, protested against the execution of so barbarous a law. He was assured that the young man should not be put to death. He was beheaded. The English Minister felt that his government was insulted. He demanded the repeal of the law which put a man to death for changing his religion. France and Russia joined in the demand. At last the Sultan went beyond the demand, and made a law that from that time there should be no religious persecution in Turkey. Now peace and quietness reign. The work of God is onward. The gospel is spreading, and this may be regarded as one of the most hopeful fields under the care of the Board."

ECONOMY AND KNOWLEDGE NEEDFUL TO THE FARMER.

It is pleasant to find the people in our new States listening to views like the following, from an Address delivered before the Agricultural Society of Kalamazoo County, Michigan, October 11, 1849, by Joseph R. Williams.

COST OF HABITS.

"Habits of almost any kind are a bad economy. All habits cost high—cost high in time, in money, and often in character. The habit of chewing and smoking tobacco—what is its money cost? I do not impeach now the practice as a matter of taste. There is no disputing about tastes; and if a man enjoys the luxury of making himself obnoxious to the senses of half his friends; why, let him enjoy the luxury. I now speak of its cost. Estimate it at three cents per day. This sum saved from the age of twenty to seventy and put at compound interest, amounts to the sum of $3163. Suppose the same man is a temperate drinker: I will not remind him that if he starts in life one of twenty temperate drinkers and he has weathered the storm, that he is a solitary landmark, and the nineteen others fill a drunkard's grave. But to its cost—suppose it six cents per day from the age of twenty to seventy. This habit will have cost $6326 more. The sums thus expended for tobacco and drink, at compound interest, would amount to the sum of $9489. Alas! such habits often cost more than money—cost health, reputation, morals; aye, more, entail poverty and degradation on another generation. There is only one certain method of being prosperous and thrifty, and that is to live on the principle of expending less than you earn. A man is independent who earns sixpence per day more than he expends: a man is sure of eventual ruin who reverses the plan.—Dredm not of sudden wealth. There are no royal roads: we cannot walk tiptoe: we must walk flatfooted through the world.

. . . . . .

"To be thrifty, a farmer should be intelligent and educated. I know not how the vulgar error grew up, from what prejudices it sprung, that farmers should not be educated. If there is any man in the world who should be enlightened, it is the farmer. Let the elemental education be obtained, and the leisure of his winter evenings, his exemption from the anxieties of business, his general good health, are favorable to intellectual culture. The means of culture are so accessible and cheap, that there is no acquisition at which the humblest are compelled to stop. It is a great folly that deems schools and colleges the only spheres for the developement of a man's powers. 'Tis the native intellect which is wanted. Not a log but among us but has more of the accessaries of learning within it, than the hut of Burns's father, yet from the few books of English literature around him, he learned enough to enable him to send forth those "thoughts that breathe in words that burn" to all the world: to astocish, to dazzle, to startle all the millions who have spoken his mother tongue from his day to ours, and "to clothe the joys and woes" of prince, priest, and peasant "with the utterance which he gave his own."

"A farmer should be free from prejudices and superstitions. Education will free him from such trammels. He should be independent of the lawyer and merchant in regard to the ordinary transactions of business. Education will render him so. He should not take opinions on trust. Education will enable him to investigate for himself. A neighbor of mine, in November last, placed a fine hog in a northwestern exposure. In March the hog weighed about the same he did in November. A little knowledge of the laws of physiology would have taught him that the animal required all the nutriment he received to replace the waste caused by such cruel exposure, while two hours of time and fifty cents worth of straw and boards would have saved half his keeping, and 100 lbs. of pork. An ignorant man goes to the bottom of his well: he faints and falls. His son follows to rescue him and falls also, and half the family perish. A small manual of science would have taught them that the oxygen which sustains life, was supplanted by carbonic acid gas, a deadly poison, and that a small taper lowered (inasmuch as oxygen supports combustion as well as life,) would have tested the existence of the vital ingredient, and their lives would have been saved. Why is it that the average life of the farmer is not longer than the average life of the student? The use of his limbs in open air is calculated to preserve his powers of digestion, promote cheerfulness, and invigorate and develope his animal powers—all conducive to long life; while the opposite course of a sedentary man is calculated to impair the physical powers and abridge life.—The reason he lasts no longer than the student is, because he is ignorant of, or (if not ignorant of,) he despises the laws which govern health and growth, which the other studies and observes.—Why have our countrymen been able to compete with foreigners in manufactures, when the daily labor in the Old World costs not half so much. It is because the American brings more intelligence to guide the hand and aid the eye. It appeared by the books of a large establishment at the east, that the pay of those who wrote their signatures was twenty or thirty per cent. more than of those who signed with a cross. Intelligent labor is everywhere more valuable than mere stupid mechanical work. Look at the nations of Europe, from the realms of the Muscovite, where the brutal lord drives before him his migratory bands of leaden serfs, to the clustering swarm of England's busy hive, who hold tributary hundreds of millions, all over the globe, *and just in proportion as the laborer thinks with his head, as well as works with his hand*, just in that proportion is the nation advanced in civilization and opulence. A poet has said that "those who think must govern those who toil." A few months since, and the civilized world was electrified with the intelligence that the kings and rulers of Europe were swept off, as you would sweep their mimic representatives from the chessboard. Man seemed to have emerged from his lethargy. Alas! the toiler was not a thinker, and another proof is afforded the poet, that "those who think must govern those who toil." The revolutionist and the republican has collapsed into a subject again. There is no hope for mankind *till the toiler shall be a thinker, and then the toiler will govern himself*. Then, and not till then, will the cause of Democracy commend itself as the cause of justice and humanity: then, and not till then, will an all-pervading Republicanism commend itself as a new revelation to mankind, and the toiler, the thinker, the developed man stand forth "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled," by the genius, not as Curran has it, "of universal emancipation," but, by the genius of universal intelligence. But we need not go abroad for illustrations of these pregnant truths. Look at Massachusetts, and we find a small and barren state of 800,000 people, whose only natural productions have been said to be granite and ice, bringing nearly all her raw materials, yearly, from abroad, and adding to their value more than the annual value of all the cotton crops, of all the southern states. Thus freedom and intelligence animate labor and multiply its results: thus slavery and ignorance paralyse it and lessen its fruits. The different sides of the Ohio river are not more unlike each other, than the halves of the apple of which we read in one of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, which was severed with a blade, one side of which was poisoned and the other pure. On the one side, intelligence is promoted by public approval and law: on the other, the common thirst for knowledge is punished as a crime.

Whether purchasing the farm, or marketing the crop—whether in selecting seed or rearing an animal, or nursing a tree—whether in preserving the health and growth of all around you, animal or vegetable—whether in draughting an instrument, or detecting a fraud—whether guarding yourself from loss, or saving a neighbor from imposture—or whether in a wider sphere of a citizen and a politician, you exercise the intellect and comprehension that enable you to speak, to vote, and to act with discretion and wisdom, be assured that intelligence and education will everywhere aid and elevate you, and render you more useful, more respectable, more happy, and, what it is my province now more particularly to show, a more thrifty and successful farmer."

LITTLE CHILDREN.

[From a Sermon preached by Rev. THOMAS L. HARRIS of New York.]

Before entering upon the substance and argument of the present discourse, I wish to sketch two separate and opposite pictures, as distinctly as a few brief words will outline and color them, and to impress them vividly upon your minds and on your memories.

Of the first picture, the time is morning and the scene a country village, bosomed in green hills, with a lake smiling and shining in the distance. The central figure of the group which fills up the fore-ground is a LITTLE CHILD. He stands upon a sunny slope, with a chaplet of lilies around his brow, and with his whole form seemingly transformed in the morning light of spring, of life, of love. Beside him is a man—the DIVINE MAN—whose hand is laid upon that snowy brow in benediction. His form, his countenance, his smile, his words, his accents, reveal the harmony of spiritual life within,—the divinity of his mission, his purpose and his thought. Around Teacher and child gather a group of coarsely clad, but earnest, healthful, interested men. The Master is speaking, and his theme is the kingdom of God re-established in the soul by a new birth into indwelling purity, holiness and love. He illustrates the spirit and law of the heavenly state by the young child,—beautiful symbol of divine and everlasting life,—and "of such," he says, "is the kingdom of heaven." Fix in your minds the picture,—the Teacher—the child—the thrilled and reverential listeners—the radiant hills and waters filling up the distance—the serene heaven embosoming and illuminating all.

For the second picture look at this. The time is night, the night that closes with peaceful rest the sabbath worship of the soul. Above hang masses of dense cloud and mist, visible by the flaring lamp light, but hiding the quiet and holy stars. The place is a half-subterranean room where the light, struggling through a fetid and poisonous atmosphere, shines lurid, flickering, dim. Upon the walls of the room hang coarse prints and pictures, portraying brutality and vice in their most low and shameless forms. Within a recess are rows of shelves where fiery and drugged liquids shine through half transparent glass. Beyond is an opened door, leading to an inner chamber, containing a crowd of half clad, half drunken, wholly embruted forms of what once were men and women, made but a little lower than the angels in the image of Deity Himself. There they revel in the early night, while obscene words and horrid oaths mingle with painful sighs and more painful mirth, and with discordant music complete the tumult and the din. In the foreground is a YOUNG CHILD—a little girl—just entered, half clad, shivering with cold, from the outer sleet, storm and darkness. Her form is attenuated and languid through sin and sorrow. Her face is sharp, her look importunate, her young brow seamed with unnatural thoughts, memories of the dark past—wild visions of the darker future. Entering she is greeted by a man—the Master. She yields up her scanty gains, won by theft, beggary, or deeper degradation. He pours out in return a glass of that fiery and poisoned liquid, which she clutches eagerly and drains to its last drop. Her eye lights with preternatural fire, her languid body springs, thus stimulated, into feverish activity, and, with a look and word and gesture indicative of utter infamy, she passes on and is lost to view a nid the crowd of revellers within. Fix this picture in the mind, in awful contrast with the former. Remember that it is but the shadow of a reality which exists in all the great cities of Christendom. Remember too that with the coming out of the stars on this Sabbath eve it may be witnessed within a few squares of this very spot, while the evening bells shall open at once the sanctuaries of worship and iniquity, and the child's curse commingle with the man's prayer, and the same breath waft them up to God. And now listen once more to the word of the Son of God, "Suffer the little children to come to me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

My subject this morning, as you have doubtless anticipated, is THE MAN'S DUTY TO THE CHILD; the duties which individual and collective Manhood owes to individual and collective Childhood. Let this be the subject and these the divisions of our thought.

The little child is a type of innocence, a symbol of the realities of eternal life in heaven. Its birth is an advent, its form a divine creation, its spirit a divine incarnation. In it the human form is newly consecrated by the descent and manifestation of the life of the indwelling God. It is revealed to us—heaven's latest miracle—to wean us from worldliness and sensuality and egoism; to renew the faded verdure and spring-tide of the soul; to unseal the frozen fountains of our primitive and spiritual life; to touch the heart to gracious issues; to direct the energies to higher and purer purpose; to baptise us in sacred memories; to awaken in us longings and yearnings for our rest in the Father's bosom and for our home in his holy and untroubled skies. This is the primitive mission of the child. Though it be so seemingly helpless, and so unconscious of its power, it moves the the heart with a mightier spell than belongs to Art, or Learning, or Philosophy, or Poetry, or Eloquence. To those tender fingers all the chords of the soul are familiar, and untaught it exercises a mastery and an awakening over all. It awakens the dumb oracle of conscience and unseals to faith its visions of futurity. It calls out from darkness the perennial currents of our human love. It awakens memories of the Eden lost through self and sense. It kindles hopes and longings for the better Paradise to be won and enjoyed forever through the spirit of self-consecration and the deeds of pure self-sacrifice. I do not, I cannot over-estimate the infant's influence. Your hearts, my own, bear witness to its potency. In homes and hearts made purer and more blessed by the advent, go up continual thanksgivings—So God be thanked for the gift and the mission of the little child.

Such being the child's influence upon the Man, what is the Man's duty to the child? With earnestness let us ask, with purposes of fidelity let us receive the answer. The child is the passive recipient of influences whether they be good or evil. It has no power to determine the character of its home, no "wings of a dove to fly away and be at rest" from strife, from evil, from contamination. It can neither evade nor repel the poison of a corrupt atmosphere or the malaria of encompassing vice. Here is the Infant Angel. Its eyes are yet bright with heavenly intimations. Its form, moulded to a divine grace, is yet distorted not by evil. It is a lamb without spot, a white bud that has no mildew on its leaf, no worm within its core. To man's care—aye, and surer still, to woman's love—God hands down His youngest and His fairest. The heir of immortal life, the pilgrim of unwasted ages,—with its mind to sweep the circle of the universe, with its heart to glow with a seraphic ardor, with its will to win victories of sovereign virtue,—to man's care, to woman's love God hands down and entrust it. Folded up within that frail and feeble organism is a spirit that is to love forever.—Within that spirit lie august possibilities of wisdom and goodness; elements which, rightly cultured and directed, shall impart new light and love to earth, new blessedness to complete the final harmony of heaven. We are to stand in that earthly relation to the child which angels sustain to it in heaven. And in order that every consideration may bind us, every allurement draw us to our duty, God makes the child not only His, but ours,—life of our life, flesh of our flesh, soul of our very soul.

Now a man can conquer circumstances of evil provided his spiritual will be quickened: he can gain virtue in the midst of imminent temptations: he can win victories for God on earth's great battle-field though all the powers of darkness be let loose upon him. *But the Child is passive.* Circumstances exercise over it a forming and influencing power. Poison may be mingled with its food and with its drink that shall disease and madden its young life in body and mind. It may drink vice from its mother's bossom and imbibe contagion from its father's touch. That the sins of the parents are thus visited upon the children is alike God's Word and Nature's Law. The infant is as passive to the influences about it as the violet is to frost or sunshine, or as the youngest lamb is to the balmy south or the sleety and chilling north. If you expose your household bird to the snow and frost, it will die. If you place your household rose-tree in the dark and stagnated air of a cellar, or if you saturate its roots or leaves with a poisonous gas, or expose it to the outer night of winter, its leaves will shrink, its blossoms fade from beauty into blackness and decay, and it will perish from its farthest tendril to its deepest root. The child is as susceptible to surrounding influences as the rose-bush or the bird, the spring violet or the unweaned lamb.—Nay as much more susceptible as its organism is more complicated and delicate and its capability more divinely beautiful and lasting. That young life, in constant process of formation, must take outline, color and direction from the influences that immediately surround it and perpetually inclose. Thus, unless the atmosphere of the home be genial, healthful, loving and beneficent, the child must grow to maturity, imperfect, unhealthful and depraved.

There is, then, a duty incumbent upon the Man in his relations with the child, whose sacredness and whose importance cannot be over-estimated. Good grows out of faithfulness, evil out of unfaithfulness, which Eternity can alone reveal. In every household, *Holy Angels*, invisible but most real, gather in sacred council around the cradle of the new-born babe. They consider the peculiarities of its genius and the special capabilities of its nature. Spirit guardians are appointed, whose duty it is to minister to its needs, perpetually imparting vigor of life and justness of diection to those growing germs of wisdom, energy, and love; and thus is that true which is written that "their angels behold the face of the Father which is in Heaven." But these influences are purely spiritual. Angels can only minister to the inward mind and life. Their sphere of action does not include the material and the sensible. Now you are called upon to co-operate with Angels, you are called upon to see that the pure, virgin life is fed with influences from the external world to correspond with those inward influences of the divine life. You are called upon to see that the organism be so built up in purity and health, that it shall not be to the indwelling soul, a prison or a lazar-house, but a shrine of beauty and of strength. You are called upon to see that no enemy sow tares among the wheat,—that no fatal vice be established as a constitutional habit before as yet the young spirit can distinguish his right hand from his left,—vice from virtue. You are called upon to see that no fatal delusion of error be burned in upon the intellect, before as yet the young mind be able to separate the light from darkness,—the true from the false. You are called upon to see that no temptation be brought near it before there is Will quickened to overcome as well as Consciousness to discern the wrong and its consequences. You are called upon to see that the growing germs of wisdom and goodness be cherished and rightly directed. You are called upon to watch for each indication of genius, capability and direction, and to adapt your impartation and government to the peculiar exigency. You are called upon to see that your child, who is God's child, fulfils the divine end of its creation, and occupies that sphere of usefulness for which Heaven has specially organized and directed its spiritual life. You sin in neglecting the culture, either of body, mind or heart. From the bread that nourishes the body, to the truth and love that feed the soul, must extend your supervision. The instinctive and unwise fondness of the mother who displays her love by dress, by indulgence, by pampering the appetite into disease, or by indulging the will till it become wilfulness, is as evil in its effects as the opposite extreme of government maintained through brutal force, and affections stifled by unwise severity. The wolf who gives her young pure milk is more faithful and commendable in her duty than the woman who feeds her child with stupifying opiates or passion-creating luxuries. Parental love is not instinctive but spiritual. It is the soul that asks care and culture, not alone the outward form.

Teach your children well: then, though you leave them little, you give them much.

When the heart is won, the understanding is easily persuaded.

When passion enters in at the gate, Wisdom goes out at the back door.

The noblest designs are like a mine—when discovered, they are lost.

A friend, like a glass, will best discover to you your defects.

THE DEAD.

BY HENRY ALFORD.

The dead alone are great!
While heavenly plants abide on earth,
The soil is one of dewless dearth;
But when they die, a mourning shower
Comes down and makes their memories flower
With odors sweet, tho' late.

The dead alone are fair!
While they are with us strange lines play
Before our eyes and chase away
God's light: but let them pale and die
And swell the stores of memory,—
There is no envy there.

The dead alone are dear!
While they are here, long shadows fall
From our own forms and darken all;
But when they leave us, all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made,
And they are bright and clear.

The dead alone are blest!
While they are here clouds mar the day
And bitter snowfalls nip their May;
But when their tempest time is done,
The light and heat of Heaven's own sun
Broods on their land of rest.

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF LORD BACON.

The January number of the Christian Parlor Magazine contains a valuable article upon the religious character of Lord Bacon, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, from which we select the following beautiful and truthful paragraphs. [Christian Times.

It is not easy to form an estimate of Bacon's *religious* character. We are favored with so few and imperfect details of his private habits; we have so little that tells us the true biography of the man—his feelings, his usual deportment, his private modes of action; we are let so little into the interior arrangements of his life, that we cannot easily pronounce on his personal character. Charity would lead us to hope, notwithstanding his fondness for preferment, and the great error of his life, that he may have exemplified in his private life the principles which he has so ably and so constantly inculcated. On the subject of his religious *opinions* he has left us no room to doubt. There is scarcely to be found in any language, or in any writer, so constant a reference to the great religious interests of man, as in the writings of Bacon. There is no where to be found a more profound deference to the authority of the Bible. There is perhaps no where more caution displayed, lest the profoundness, variety, compass, and originality of investigation should lead the mind astray, than in his investigations. It was one of his recorded sentiments—one of the results of his investigations, which he has expressed without hesitancy or qualification, "that a little philosophy inclineth a man to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity." His belief he has left us in a well-written confession of his faith, embracing the usual articles of the Christian religion. His prayers, which are preserved, breathe a spirit of true devotion, in a style and form which are not surpassed by any compositions of that period, in our language. It would be easy to transcribe page after page of his recorded sentiments; and we might trace at every step of his life his profound deference for the theology of the Bible.

We do not believe that the Christian religion depends for its evidence on the suffrage of any one philosopher; or on the bright constellation of names which have expressed their profound regard for the truths of revelation. Still a Christian cannot but look with deep interest on the fact that such men as Bacon, and Boyle, and Newton, bowed their mighty intellects to the authority of revelation; came and brought all the rich and varied treasures of their profound investigation, and laid them at the foot of the cross; and spent their lives increasingly impressed with the belief that the God of nature is also the God of the Bible. While we do not claim, that on their authority the Scriptures should be accredited as the word of God, we *do* claim that they should be allowed to rebuke the flippancy of youthful and unfledged infidelity; that they should be permitted to summon men to *inquire*, before they *pronounce;* we claim that their authority is sufficient to call on the youthful skeptic to pause, and to suspect that *possibly* he may be wrong. When mighty minds like those have left their recorded assent to the truths of the Christian scheme, it is not too much to ask of minds of far less power to sit down and inquire, at least, whether Christianity may not have come from God. When Newton, after having surveyed world on world and measured the heavens, and placed himself for profound inquiry at the head of mankind, sat down in the full maturity of his days, and passed the vigor of his life, and the serene evening of his honored age in the contemplation of the New Testament: when Bacon, after having rescued science from the accumulated darkness and rubbish of two thousand years; after having given lessons to all mankind about the just mode of investigating nature; and after having traversed the circle of the sciences, and gained all that past generations had to teach, and having carried forward the inquiry far into nature, bowed at every step to the authority of the Bible; when Hale, learned in the law, not only believed Christianity to be true, but adorned the Christian profession by a most humble life; when Boerhave, perfectly acquainted with the human frame, and skilled in the healing art, sat with the simplicity of a child at the feet of Jesus Christ; when Locke gave the testimony of his powerful mind to the truth of the Christian religion; when Davy, first of chemists, came on this subject to the same results as the analyzer of light, the inventor of fluxions, and the demonstrator of the theory of gravitation; as the author of the Novum Organum; and the writer of the treatise on the Human Understanding; when each science has thus contributed its founder, its ornament, and its head, as a witness to the truth of the Christian religion, it is not too much to conclude it may be something different from priestcraft and imposture. When we turn from these lights of men—these broad stars that spread their beams over all the firmament of science, and seek after the wandering and dim luminaries of infidelity—when we make a sober estimate of what the high priests of unbelief have done for the advancement of science, and the welfare of man, we are struck with the prodigious advance we have made into chilly and tenebrated regions. We have passed amid spirits of another order. We wander in climes as remote almost from science, as from Christianity. We should know where we are as readily by their superficial, but pompous pretensions; by dark, but most confident scientific claims; by erroneous, wandering, but most flippant demands in science, as we do by their infuriated and bitter raging against the claims of the Christian religion. Who are these men? Volney, Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, Paine; Herbert—the best and greatest of them—Shaftesbury, Tindal, Morgan, Bolingbroke, Gibbon, Hume. What have they ever done for science? What advances have they ever made? So far as we know, not one of them has any pretensions to what gives immortality to the names of Boyle, Locke, Newton, Bacon, Hale. What valuable fact have they ever presented in science? What new principle have they originated, or illustrated? What department of science have they adorned? Not a man of them has ever trod the regions that constituted the glory of England, and of the world—the regions of profound science; of deep and penetrating investigation of the works of nature. In spite of such men, science would still have slumbered in the regions of eternal night; and infidelity, but for Christian men, might have swayed a sceptre as she desired, over regions of profound and boundless shades of ignorance and crime. When *such* have been the apostles and high priests of unbelief—such the hosts which they have mustered, we feel that, apart from all *argument* in the case, *we* would rather accord with the sentiments of the great luminaries of mankind in science; and that it is not unworthy of reason and elevated thought to suppose, that *true* religion may be found where we have found every other valuable blessing for mankind; and that the system, attended every where with science, refinement and art, and that has shed light on the intellect, and honor on the names of Locke, and Boyle, and Bacon, is the system with which GOD *intended to bless men.*

THE SUPREME POWER.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

"It has been as beautifully as truly said, that the undevout astronomer is mad." The same remark might, with equal force and justice, be applied to the undevout geologist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more extravagant can be named than that the grand and far-reaching researches and discoveries of geology are hostile to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very contrary, to lead the inquirer, step by step, into the immediate presence of that tremendous Power which could alone produce and can alone account for the primitive convulsions of the globe, as the proofs are graven in eternal characters on the side of its bare and cloud-piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that compose its surface; and which are, also, day by day and hour by hour, at work to feed the fires of the volcano, to pour forth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains which spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe of their magnitude, the mystery of their secret and reciprocal influences, the bewildering conceptions of their distances. Sense and science are at war. The sparkling gem that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science into a mighty orb—the source of light and heat, the centre of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet which lingers in the western sky when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning—whose mild and lovely beam seems to shed a spirit of tranquility, not unmixed with sadness, nor far removed from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders forth in solitude to behold it—is in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapt sphere—a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis and flee to the uppermost parts of creation: and then, shutting our eyes on the radiant points that twinkle in the vault of night, the well-instructed mind sees, opening before it in mental vision, the stupendous mechanism of the heavens. Its planets swell into worlds. Its clouded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them. The bands of Orion are loosed; and the sparkling rays which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathway of the outer heavens. The conclusions which we reach are oppressively grand and sublime; the imagination sinks under them: the tru

beauty, of love in him who has experienced them. There is, moreover, a peculiar sympathy between those who have received like impressions, which attracts them to each other, and enables them to commune together in that mysterious soul-language which has no outward exponent.

Just so it is with souls that hold communion with Christ and with God. In the closet, by prayer and the reading of the Word, holy, elevating thoughts and emotions possess the mind, which transport the happy subject of them into another sphere of being, and which, though incommunicable to others, give a visible tone to his life. A holy sympathy is kindled also between those who have had a like experience,—the basis of an eternal communion and love in heaven. [Independent.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, February 2, 1850.

PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

"'Mamma,' said a little child, 'my Sunday school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live awhile that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see any body preparing. I see you are preparing to go into the country, and aunt Eliza is preparing to go there. Why don't they try to get ready?'"

The above anecdote has appeared in more religious newspapers than our memory enables us to count. It is probably considered a very significant paragraph. The child's simple surprise is evidently supposed to contain a sharp satire on the world at large. The passage is a specimen of a large class of religious representations made every week in pulpits and Sunday-schools, to children and grown persons. If it means any thing, it means that the proper motive for goodness is to get into Heaven, and that the Christian's proper work on earth is to be always making a visible and specific preparation for a state he is not to enter upon till after death. We demur at both these positions.

The proper motive for all goodness is to glorify God. And the Christian's proper work on earth is to glorify Him here, in the best manner his present conditions allow, by doing the duties that belong to his present sphere, in a disinterested and devout spirit. A person may be exceedingly anxious about Heaven from considerations of spiritual selfishness. There are not a few Christians, who show a great deal of this *getting ready* to go to Heaven—just as they "get ready to go into the country"—whose conceptions of the Christian life are painfully meagre, whose hearts are hard and inhuman, who look out for eternal happiness as they do for the "main chance," and who, if the idea of personal comfort were struck out of their expectation of Paradise, would discover a palpable diminution of their interest in the place.

Every thing depends on the conception we have of what Heaven is; and that conception will grow higher with our increasing spiritual culture and practical holiness. If we think of it as a state of being where God's Will shall be more perfectly done by those who do it faithfully here, it is well to look to it, meditate on it, prepare for it. But it is possible to regard it as a place of mere exemption from deserved torture,—as a scene of lazy habits and selfish ease,—and to neglect the noble tasks of this goodly world in sighing for it. Temperaments differ. Some naturally live in the future. But there may be the best of all preparation for Heaven where very little is said about it,—in the holy, heavenly heart.

WAS SIR ISAAC NEWTON A UNITARIAN?

Before answering this question, we will say that we have read with pure satisfaction a reply in the Congregationalist to our article on Milton. It is refreshing to find a controversial article so pleasantly written. As no new facts or arguments are adduced by the Congregationalist, we are willing to let that matter rest where it is.—We supposed that we should be understood, in defining "Unitarians," to refer to those who receive the Gospel as truthful records of fact, and the Scriptures as a rule of faith and practice.—Among those who do thus regard the Scriptures, we distinguish as Unitarians those who believe in the Father as alone the Supreme and Almighty God. If men may be Trinitarians and yet so believe, perhaps we are Trinitarians, and may yet meet our friends of the Congregationalist on equal ground, as belonging to the same Christian fellowship. We more than half suspect this to be the truth. But was Newton a Unitarian?

We begin here as we ended before by saying that we attach very little importance to this question; for, though we believe Newton and Milton and Locke and Dr. Watts, all, in their maturest years, to have been anti-trinitarian, yet Bacon and Spenser and Jonathan Edwards and Doddridge, and a host of others distinguished as philosophers, metaphysicians and poets, were Trinitarians. We are not disturbed by this fact. Is the Congregationalist shaken in its Protestant faith because Duns Scotus, and Thomas a Kempis, and Pascal, and Fenelon, were Roman Catholics?

But was Sir Isaac Newton a Trinitarian? Yes, says the Congregationalist, 1st, because he cannot be proved to have been otherwise. "He was sorely displeased with Whiston for asserting that he was an Arian;" and well he might be, for he never was an Arian. "Mr. Haynes, who," in the words of Mr. Sparks, "was long and intimately acquainted with Newton, declared to a friend, a person of great probity and public spirit, that he [Sir I. Newton,] did not believe our Lord's pre-existence, being a Socinian, as we call it, in that article; and that Sir Isaac much lamented Dr. Clarke's embracing Arianism, &c." "But," says the Congregationalist, "no evidence whatever exists to substantiate this assertion." Suppose that there is not. What right have we to throw aside the decided testimony of an honest man, who had the best possible opportunity for knowing the truth of what he asserted? But there *is* evidence "to substantiate this assertion." "It is well known," says Mr. Sparks whose accuracy in historical matters will hardly be questioned, "that Newton left several papers on theological subjects, which have never been permitted to come before the world. They were cautiously excluded from Horseley's large edition of his works. These papers have been said to contain more at large the author's views of the Unitarian system. Nor has this report been contradicted by the persons who hold the papers in their possession. It was not contradicted by Horseley, who examined the papers, and declared them unsuitable for publication." Why unsuitable for publication? The answer is given in Thompson's History of the Royal Society, (p. 283,) where it is said "Newton's opinions were not orthodox. For example, he did not believe in the Trinity. This gives us the reason why Horseley, the champion of the Trinity, found Newton's papers unfit for publication."

"I will only add," continues Mr. Sparks, "that Dr. Chalmers has confessed his belief in the Unitarian sentiments of Newton—and this after making him not only the greatest and wisest philosopher, but the acutest and profoundest theologian, whom the world has seen." See preface to Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses, with the second sermon in the course.

But, in reply, we are told that he partook of the communion in the Episcopal church. The Congregationalist can hardly be serious in urging this as an argument that he was a Trinitarian. How many Unitarians have for years been communicants during the last half century in Episcopal churches here in Boston? Within the present year we knew a Unitarian minister to receive the sacrament from an Episcopal clergyman, feeling that in so doing he was obliged to assent to no article of faith which he did not hold. Hundreds and thousands of honest and devout men, born and brought up in the Episcopal church, have continued to live and worship with it without feeling that they were doing violence to their own convictions, though they were decided Unitarians.

But, according to the Congregationalist, Newton, after quoting from the Apocalypse the passage where every creature in heaven and earth is heard ascribing blessing and honor and glory and power, &c, remarks, "This was the worship of the primitive Christians." "In Newton's opinion, then, the primitive Christians paid *equal* honors and *equal* worship to the Father and to the Son." If this reasoning is conclusive, then, we are Trinitarians, and pay *equal* honor and *equal* worship to the Father and to the Son, for in all sincerity we often use this ascription in our prayers, and read the passage in our public services. If we were only distinguished enough to make it an object for them to claim us we should expect to be claimed by our Orthodox brethren as sound Trinitarians. We have not the slightest doubt that we are quite as much so as Sir Isaac Newton was in the latter part of his life. One of two things we infer from this series of articles in the Congregationalist, either that it requires very little Trinitarianism to make a Trinitarian, or that Sir Isaac Newton was not one.

THE GENEALOGIES OF CHRIST.

The genealogies given in Matthew's and in Luke's Gospels cannot both be true in the same sense, or with regard to the same mode of reckoning descent; for they diverge from one another in assigning different fathers to Joseph, the husband of our Lord's mother, and agree again only in David and his ancestry. Yet there is a strong intrinsic probability that both are authentic. A genealogical list is a hardly conceivable form of fiction. Moreover, fiction would have commenced the coining of names farther back than Joseph's father, whose name can hardly fail to have been well known among the early Christians. There is, properly speaking, no critical ground for doubting that both these lists were placed where we find them by the respective Evangelists. What distant likenesses of critical reasons have been brought forward to discredit one or both of them, have been but feebly subsidiary to the arguments used by those who deem the two lists irreconcileable, by those who cannot reconcile the first two chapters of Matthew's with the first two of Luke's Gospel, and therefore reject the former, and by those, who denying our Saviour's miraculous birth, reject the first two chapters of both. But even if it were shown that these genealogies formed no part of the Gospels as originally written, still we should suppose them both authentic. They must have come from Joseph's family. They must have both been drawn up by interested parties, and no person who had not access to proper materials, would probably have felt interest enough in the matter to draw up such a table.

Many critics have maintained that one of these lists contained the ancestry of Joseph, and the other of Mary. But this is an assumption without a particle of proof, or a shadow of probability. The Evangelists knew the power of language well enough to have said, "This is the genealogy of Mary," if either of them had meant so.

But there were among the Hebrews two recognized ways of reckoning descent. One was that of actual parentage. The other was that of legal son-ship, according to the provision of the Mosaic code by which the brother of a husband who died childless married his widow, the eldest son of which marriage was deemed in law the child of the deceased brother. The obligations of this law were extended, in the default of a brother who could fulfil them, to the nearest of kin, as we learn from the story of Ruth. Much more would they have attached themselves to a half-brother,—child of the same mother with the deceased, but by a different father. Now, if we suppose a single transaction of this kind, both these genealogies may be received as authentic. Matthew's evidently is designed to give Joseph's actual ancestry. Luke, as we think, expressly says that he gives the legal genealogy. In our version we find the words, "Being (as was supposed) the son of Joseph." The words rendered *as was supposed*, might be more literally translated, *as he was legally reckoned*. The Greek verb is *nomizo*, which does not include the sense *suppose*, but would correspond to *lawize*, if we had such a word, and we have no doubt that it was designed to describe the kind of genealogy which it introduces.

The facts were probably these—Matthat, (Joseph's grandfather according to Luke,) a descendant of Nathan, the son of David, married a woman whom we will designate by the letter A. Heli, (Joseph's father according to Luke,) was the issue of this marriage. After the death of Matthat, A married Matthan, (Joseph's grandfather according to Matthew,) a descendant of Solomon the son of David. Jacob, (Joseph's father according to Matthew,) was the issue of this marriage. Heli and Jacob were thus half-brothers. Heli married a woman whom we will designate as B, and died childless. Jacob married B after his brother's death, and their oldest son, Joseph, actually Jacob's son, was legally Heli's son.

The Jews were curious in genealogies, especially those of the lineage of David, none of whom were without the hope of the Messiah from among their posterity. They would have been prepared to trace the descent of any supposed Messiah in their households from David in both and in all possible ways. Is it asked why Joseph's genealogy should have been given rather than Mary's? The *coverture* of the wife was more entire in ancient than in modern times. From the moment of her marriage, her legal existence became merged in her husband's, his genealogy became hers, and the child miraculously born to her during her marriage, (as we believe Jesus to have been,) would have been reckoned as her husband's and as descended from her husband's ancestors.

One word more concerning Matthew's genealogies. In comparing some of the earlier portions of the series with corresponding tables in the Old Testament, we find that a few names are omitted by Matthew. They could not have been omitted in ignorance, for the Old Testament, which would have supplied the missing links, was accessible to all. They probably were left out of the series by the member of Joseph's family who drew up the list, in order to bring the number of names within the triplet of fourteens, which is given as the number of generations between Abraham and Christ. The names were probably thus arranged for the convenience of recitation. The Jews, deeming *seven* a sacred number, made it also a rhythmical number. They recited words, objects or names in sevens, as we do in twos, threes or fours. Their ears were trained to follow out series of sevens, as ours to triplets or quadruplets. Thus the genealogy given in Matthew was prepared for recitation by being artificially reduced to and arranged in three couplets of sevens. And, if a genealogy thus prepared to be retained in memory and repeated by note seem inconsistent with our ideas, we must remember how much more was confided to memory and how much less to record in ancient times than in modern, and what an intense interest must have been taken in genealogies by the descendants of David, at a time when the promised Deliverer from that family was daily expected to appear.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

We have lately heard of a witty remark made by a certain conductor of a western newspaper. Speaking of a cotemporary he said, "He was formerly a member of Congress, but rapidly rose, till he attained a respectable position as an editor, —a noble example of perseverance under depressing circumstances!" If there is a slight tinge of the common vanity of self-made men, in this observation, there is capital satire in it also. There is an anecdote to match it, of a fastidious gentleman who, on being nominated by somebody for Representative in our National Legislature, proposed to bring an action for defamation of character.

The difficulties, the present session, in electing the officers of the House of Representatives, and such occasional ebullitions of vulgar rage in the Senate as the recent speech of Mr. Foote, naturally elicit severe censures from high-minded men against the character of our Congress. Where a whole mixed body is condemned without qualification, certain individuals in it are likely to feel, and to be, injured. We cheerfully allow, therefore, for the honorable exceptions to the generally unworthy character of our National representation. We do not think it necessary to refer to any of these by name, inasmuch as we do not make personal reference to the opposite instances, of bad manners, corrupt morals, vicious passions, and unpatriotic selfishness.

But we cannot assent to the common remark that the two Houses of Congress are only a fair exponent of the moral standing and sentiment of the nation at large. Probably there are not five hundred *voters* in the whole country who have not felt shamed and humiliated at reading descriptions of scenes enacted in the Capitol at Washington. The average moral sense of the nation shows itself to be above the level of Congressional behavior. How can it be so? It is simply because in the selection of its Representative the constituency does not commonly regard, inquire after, and insist upon being satisfied with, the moral purity and high-toned personal integrity of the candidate. How is the mischief to be remedied? Only by scrupulous attention to this very point. Only by all conscientious and Christian citizens *refusing their votes*, absolutely, and decisively, and uniformly, to every person that has not the full confidence of his neighbors as a thoroughly *good man*. Let the moral test overrule the political. What political question is there that can be asked of a candidate for public office, in these days, which compares, in magnitude and importance, with the simple question whether he is a consistent Christian?

However we may shrink from voting upon virtue, we do not see how the sacred trusts of a Republican Government can possibly be discharged without this wakeful moral discrimination. Not opinions, whether on tariff or Trinity, —not the creed, political or theological, should present so serious an issue to the mind, in the function of ballot, as the life, spirit, principles and temper of the individual whom I am called upon to help place in the Councils of Legislation.

There are two considerations—deserving to be noticed,—that go some way to redeem the melancholy aspect of affairs in Washington since the opening of the present Session. It shows, in the first place, that the great question of slavery has lified itself into such a place, and so worked itself into our history, that it cannot be longer blinked, dodged, nor covered up. And besides, it indicates a sort of calm assurance in the stability of our institutions;—for the irritating delay provoked little open disorder, and the people at large went on their own way, about their own business, virtually saying, "We can live and prosper, whether we are ruled or not."

A NEW RACE OF MEN.

We translate the following notice of a new race of men, who have been lately discovered in the interior of Africa, from one of the French scientific Journals,—"Archives Generales de Medecine." We have seen the discovery noticed before, but did not know whether it was a hoax or not. We give the authority and leave our readers to judge.

"M. Du Couret read to the Academy of Sciences, on the 20th of August, an extract from a work on the *Race of Ghalanes*, who hold an intermediate rank between man and the monkey, and who inhabit the interior of Africa. They form a negro race of a peculiar kind, inasmuch as they have great similarity to the monkey tribes. Shorter than other negroes, their height rarely exceeds five feet. They are, in general, badly proportioned. Their bodies are lean and apparently feeble. Their arms are bony and thin. Their hands and feet are longer and flatter than others of the human race. They have the lower jaw thick, and much prolonged. Their cheeks are prominent; their foreheads short and strongly inclining backward. Their ears are long and disproportioned. Their eyes are small, black, brilliant, and prosessing great power of motion. Their nose is large and flat, and their mouth large, and filled with sharp and strong teeth of extreme whiteness. Their lips are heavy and thick, and their hair is curly, slightly woolly, not very thick, and short. But their distinguishing peculiarity is an external prolongation of the vertebral column, which gives to every individual, male or female, a tail, of two or three inches long."

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES. We would remind our readers that the *Third Lecture* of the above course will be delivered at the church on Bedford street at seven o'clock, to-morrow evening.

Subject. The object of Christ's coming.

THE EXTENSION OF SLAVERY.

We have several times and very decidedly expressed our views on this subject. But the present attitude of affairs in Washington, the deep interest every where felt in regard to the course now to be taken by Congress, and the position assumed by many of the Southern politicians and Southern States, together with the momentous consequences resting upon the decision now to be made, conspire to render it the one great question not only of the present year but of the present generation. It is therefore of immense importance that it should be approached with calmness, that it should be separated as far as possible from the prejudices and irritations of political parties, and discussed on those broad principles of expediency and right by which alone political questions of such a character can ever be safely decided.

Those of us especially who are opposed to slavery are to rise above all local and party considerations. We are to show that with us it is not a matter of personal feeling or sectional interest, that we are not exerting ourselves to build up Northern at the expense of Southern interests, or to establish a Northern preponderance of power. If the latter were our object, we believe that it would be most effectually accomplished by permitting the whole Southwestern domain to be forever blasted by slavery. No more effectual check to its permanent growth and prosperity could be desired by hostile malignity.

And as to our pecuniary interests here at the North, we have no doubt that they would be promoted rather than injured by the establishment of slavery over that whole region. For it is now, we suppose, a fact well established, that where slave labor predominates the mechanical arts do not flourish. Louisiana depends far more on our New England manufactures than Ohio. If Texas were settled entirely by free men, they would carry with them the implements of free labor, and establish every where on their streams and in their densely peopled districts, the means of working up their raw material and rendering themselves independent of our Northern manufactures. But now, not only Texas, but the old slave States, the Carolinas and Virginia, depend on us not only for cotton and woollen fabrics, but for their shoes and hats, their pails and kitchen utensils, the plough, the spade and hoe with which their lands are cultivated. In whatever department of industry any great amount of skill and ingenuity is required, the supply must permanently be furnished by the intelligent labor of the free States. In the factories at Lowell it is found that the educated hands of our New England population are far more profitable than the equally willing but ignorant hands of uneducated foreigners. It is not then,—and the South ought to understand this,—it is not for our pecuniary interest to prevent the extension of slavery. The permanent pecuniary prosperity of New England,—certainly its present pecuniary prosperity—would be increased by the establishment of slavery in New Mexico. Neither can it be for the pecuniary interest of the present slave-holding States to extend slavery through new territory, which with a virgin soil will be their most dangerous competitors in their staple productions. The only way in which they can profit by such a measure is in breeding slaves for market—a business too infamous to be tolerated by the laws of any Christian or heathen community.

But if it is not for their interest, and is for ours, why do they so vehemently advocate and we so earnestly oppose the extension of slavery? With them, at least with the great body of sensible men among them, it is a matter of sectional pride and feeling, rather than of expediency or principle, and we oppose them not from motives of personal interest or feeling, but on broad grounds of national expediency and moral right, which cannot be neglected in legislating for a great nation, without entailing upon ourselves and our descendants the heaviest calamities. We see that slavery prevents the development of the richest resources of a country, that it paralyses its industry, retards the progress of the arts, blights the morals of a people, and is unfavorable to, if not entirely inconsistent with, the general intellectual education so essential to the stability of our government. Southern statesmen are constantly saying to us, sometimes with sorrow and sometimes with reproach, "You are prosperous and rich, but we are poor and every year grow more so." It is because we feel the truth of this, because we see in this respect the mournful contrast between Ohio and Kentucky, New York and Virginia, Massachusetts and South Carolina, that we are unwilling to extend slavery a single foot beyond its present limits. We cannot consent to extend an institution which, by the unconscious confession of those who support it, curses with poverty the ground on which it is planted, and which curses the ground and cuts off its increase, because it palsies the intellectual and moral energies of the people. We have too deep an interest in our national prosperity, in the material, intellectual and moral elements, which constitute a nation's greatness and its glory, to give our consent to the extension of that which must have a withering and blighting influence upon them all. With the certainty of these momentous consequences reaching on through future generations, vitally affecting our whole national character and prosperity, we cannot consent to be moved from the stand we have taken by any regard to the present ephemeral position of parties or the menaces of those who in a moment of unhappy passion would sadly injure themselves and us.

But this is not all. As it is with us a question of the highest national expediency, so it is one of the gravest moral and religious duty. However we may be inclined to sympathise with those who are involved in the great calamity and curse of slavery,—however much we may be disposed to allow for the difficulties and embarrassments of their condition, and especially to palliate the insensibility to the evil which has grown out of their familiarity with it and all their habits of early life and education,—and however ready we may be in our political action to confine ourselves within the limits prescribed by the constitution of the United States, we cannot for a moment permit any considerations of personal tenderness or regard, or any fear of threats, to induce us to consent, either by our vote or our inaction, to extend one foot beyond its present constitutional boundaries, an institution which we cannot but regard as unchristian and unrighteous. We are responsible for its existence in the old States as we are responsible for the despotism of Austria and Russia; but unless we do all that we can do to prevent its advance a step farther, we become so far responsible for its oppression, iniquities and wrongs. Viewing it in this light, we cannot regard it as a matter for compromise.

In moral questions all compromises are fatal. So far as we can see, the only security that we can have in this matter must arise from the passage of an ordinance forever prohibiting slavery from all territories now belonging or hereafter to belong to the United States. It is not true that slavery can never find its way into New Mexico, bordering as it does on a slave State.—But whether it can or not, where is the harm in passing such an ordinance? "The Southern people," we are told, "are violently incensed against such a measure." What then? Did they not bring in this vast territory against our wishes? Is not the difficulty one which they have created in spite of our remonstrances? Is not the question one which they have forced upon us? And now that they, in spite of our efforts and remonstrances, have brought matters into such an attitude that some decision is imperatively demanded on the great moral question of our day, shall we, through the threats of those who have brought us here, be driven from the high moral ground on which we have placed ourselves, and by our silence and inaction virtually give up the cause?

But if these matters will regulate themselves, and slavery, without further legislation, confine itself within its present limit, why shall we increase and exasperate our Southern brethren by passing such an ordinance? We do not believe in the alternative suggested by this question.—We regard it only as a false issue made up to calm the fears of the North, and serve, with timid politicians, as an excuse for not acting on so delicate and perilous a subject. But, admitting the supposition that slavery, if let alone, will advance no farther into these territories; is not all Mexico on our Southern frontier, where the old iniquity of Texas may be acted over again? Is there no talk about the annexation of Cuba with its peculiar institutions? If, by the passage of such an ordinance as we have spoken of, it becomes established, as the settled policy of the country, that no more slave territory shall ever be admitted into the Union, we shall have no more plots and wars such as have disgraced us within the last ten years, and added so vastly to the domains of slavery.

We wish then to have the question settled during this session of Congress. The present is one of those momentous periods, when we must come to a decision which is to affect the liberty, and with it the happiness and moral and religious well-being of millions through many generations. It is a duty which we cannot defer. Inaction is compromise, and in morals compromise is treason. The ties of party, the grave considerations connected with our domestic industry and commerce, are but of momentary interest compared with this, and as such must give place to it. It should be discussed, as far as possible, without passion, and with as little as possible to irritate or disturb feelings of sectional pride or partiality. But neither our sentiments and respect for our brethren at the South, nor the dread of any consequences from their exasperation, should move us from courteous and manly, but firm and decided action on this great subject.

Without claiming any political sagacity, we cannot but think that there is admirable good sense in the following paragraph from the New York Evening Post:

"The time for settling this quarrel was when the Wilmot proviso was first proposed. If it had been adopted then, it would have secured the freedom of the territories, and prevented the controversy which has since sprung up, and waxed so fierce. The slaveholding interest would then have expected nothing, and there would then have been no disappointed hopes and frustrated exertions, to add fuel to the flame.—Any previous time would have been better than the present; the present time is better than any future period will be. Each successive postponement has only exasperated the controversy; every concession made to the south, like all concessions made to a minority, from fear of its power, has only emboldened it to make more exorbitant demands, and to enforce them by more extravagant menaces.

"The course of true political wisdom is to admit California at once with her present constitution and boundaries, providing for the subdivision of her domain into new states hereafter, and at the same time to organize the territories with a government excluding slavery. We shall then be at full leisure to deal with any incidental questions which may arise out of opposition to this policy on the part of the federal government."

NOTEWORTHY TEXTS. NO. IV.

A CASE OF UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCE.

Apart from strictly internal grounds of credibility, the strongest evidence of the authenticity of the Gospels is to be found in the numerous instances in which some of the Evangelists refer to facts, which they do not relate themselves, but which are related by others. An instance of this kind, which we do not remember to have seen cited, has occurred to us in a recent examination of the sacred record. John is the only Evangelist who relates that figurative saying of our Saviour with reference to his resurrection,—"Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." The first cleansing of the temple, when these words were uttered, occurred shortly after John became a follower of Christ, but before the call of Matthew, or of Peter, from whom Mark probably derived most of the materials for his narrative. John makes no further reference to this declaration of our Saviour, which was uttered before a numerous and hostile audience. But Matthew and Mark both tell the story of the false witness, who repeated these words in a perverted sense at the trial of Jesus before the high priest, and both relate the use made of them by the scoffing multitude, who besieged the cross with taunts and jeers. Had they been writing for the sake of conciliating belief to a fabricated story, they would not have omitted the occasion, which gave umbrage for the testimony of the false witnesses. Their mention of the malicious testimony, without taking care to let their readers know how it originated, indicates their simplicity and integrity as biographers, while their narratives and John's in this particular mutually confirm one another, and bear mutual witness, so far as they go, to the authenticity of the three Gospels.

IMITATION.

Two religious newspapers have thought it not below their dignity to sneer at the Unitarian Lectures in this city, on Sunday evenings, as an imitation of the "Orthodox," who have just commenced a series on a similar plan. It is a small matter every way, and the smallest thing about it is the spirit that could descend, in such a connexion, to so paltry a consideration. But as the fling has been twice thrown out, the truth may as well come out to put it to shame. The course of Unitarian Lectures has been had in contemplation many weeks,—it would have been commenced the first of December but for the consecutive meetings of the American Unitarian Association; it was even discussed and proposed early in the autumn, and was formally announced in one at least of our periodicals some time *before any announcement was made of the Calvinistic course* in any of their papers.

Who look like the imitators, now? We do not charge it upon our Christian friends. On the contrary, it would seem to us a natural coincidence, not altogether without interest and beauty, if, under the Providence that leads us all alike, and sends us seasons of spiritual refreshing, two branches of the great Christian fold should have sought simultaneously to meet the sober exigencies of the times by so fitting a provision. We cannot discover in such an agreement anything particularly suggestive of mean comparisons or jealous suspicions. But if the question of imitation must be raised, priority of time has a rather important bearing upon it.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

In a certain light and graceful way of saying things, no poet excels James Russell Lowell. There is a delicacy of conception, a purity of sentiment, a refinement of expression, like our winter's frost-work.

> Blessing she is: God made her so,
> And deeds of week-day holiness
> Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
> Nor hath she ever chanced to know
> That aught were easier than to bless.

Passages of exquisite gracefulness, like this, are scattered through the two volumes of his poems, and it would not be easy to find anything superior to them in their way. Take, as an example of something a little different, a single stanza, called Reform.

> Safe to its breast the new moon clasps the old,
> And round it still its loving arms doth fold,
> Forever turning fuller to the sun,
> Until increase of light hath made them one.

The following stanza from a later poem shows, perhaps, a deeper experience of life.

> We, too, have autumns, when our leaves
> Drop loosely through the dampened air,
> When all our good seems bound in sheaves,
> And we stand reaped and bare.

But the most touching of Lowell's poems are those connected with little children. What can be more graceful in thought or language than the *Changeling*? We quote four of the seven stanzas.

> I had a little daughter,
> And she was given to me
> To lead me gently backward
> To the Heavenly Father's knee,
> That I, by the force of nature,
> Might in some dim wise divine
> The depth of his infinite patience
> To this wayward soul of mine.
>
> She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
> And it hardly seemed a day,
> When a troop of wandering angels
> Stole my little daughter away;
> Or perhaps those heavenly Zincali
> But loosed the hampering strings,
> And when they had opened her cage-door,
> My little bird used her wings.
>
> But they left in her stead a changeling,
> A little angel child,
> That seems like her bud in full blossom,
> And smiles as she never smiled:
> When I wake in the morning, I see it
> Where she always used to lie,
> And I feel as weak as a violet
> Alone 'neath the awful sky.
>
> This child is not mine as the first was,
> I cannot sing it to rest,
> I cannot lift it up fatherly
> And bless it upon my breast;
> Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
> And sits in my little one's chair,
> And the light of the heaven she's gone to,
> Transfigures its golden hair.

Possibly the idea here may have been suggested by the *grief* of Constance in Shakspeare's King John, though it bears marks of a nearer and more personal experience. Of a similar beauty are the lines on the death of a friend's child.

> How changed, dear friend, are thy part and thy child's!
> He bends above *thy* cradle now, or holds
> His warning finger out to be thy guide;
> Thou art the nursling now; he watches thee,
> Slow learning, one by one, the secret things
> Which are to him used sights of every day;
> . . . . and he will teach
> Thy knees their due observances of prayer.

Lowell is a reformer, and though seldom remarkable for condensed energy of expression, yet his strongest lines are those which he writes as the friend of liberty and the indignant foe of whatever would trample it down. On the death of Charles T. Torrey, he has this stanza:

> Woe worth the hour when it is crime
> To plead the poor dumb bondman's cause,
> When all that makes the heart sublime,
> The glorious throbs that conquer time,
> Are traitors to our cruel laws.

On another occasion he writes these grand lines:

> There are who triumph in a losing cause,
> Who can put on defeat, as 't were a wreath
> Unwithering in the adverse popular breath,
> Safe from the blasting demagogue's applause:
> 'Tis they who stand for Freedom and God's laws.

But his finest stanzas are those addressed to Lamartine—a noble conception well sustained throughout. Lowell's ideas, as we have seen, are often beautifully wrought out, but they are few. *The Vision of Sir Launfal* is a most graceful poem. *The Sower* is very spirited and very perfect. *A Contrast* is exquisite both in language and sentiment. So, only pervaded by a deeper tone of feeling, is the poem that follows it, *Extreme Unction*. But we cannot name all the pieces that we particularly like. They are enough to show that the author's nature is eminently that of a poet. He has the poet's eye, the poet's sensibilities, the poet's grace and beauty of expression; but he has yet given no decisive evidence of what is greatest of all, the poet's creative faculty. His sentiments, even on moral and religious subjects, have not the force of moral and religious principles, or of profound emotions. They are feelings growing out of his poetic susceptibility, and weaving themselves into graceful and harmonious verses, rather than hallowed convictions, seating themselves on the throne of his inner being, to control his life and the souls of others. His longer meditative poems, *The Indian Summer Reverie*, for example, are comparatively failures. There is not strength of thought enough to carry us through them. We know not what hidden capabilities Mr. Lowell may have: but his poems give us the impression that he has not yet done justice to his powers, and, that a more generous intellectual culture, based on profounder habits of thought and emotion, and especially a more hearty appreciation of Christianity in its moral and religious grandeur, will reveal to him faculties greater than he has yet exercised, and open to him fields from which he may reap what will be a rich harvest compared with the few delicately beautiful flowers that he has now gathered.

WHEELING, VA. Mr. Holland, Sec. A. U. A. in his recent tour through the Western States, visited Wheeling, Va. There was but one person known to hold our views there: but a considerable audience gathered for worship—an earnest discussion upon the Trinity is now going on, and application has just been made to the Association for a preacher with good hope of establishing a society of Liberal Christians.

☞ The Second Lecture of the course of Sunday evening lectures was delivered on last Sabbath evening at the church in Bedford street, by Rev. EPHRAIM PEABODY. The subject was, "The Sovereignty, Holiness, and Paternity of God." The audience, as on the previous evening, was very large and attentive.

ENCOURAGING SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE PANOPLIST.

We have received a pamphlet in blue covers, printed in double columns, and called the *Panoplist*, or the Christian's Armory. As we began to read it, we could think only of Dr. Watts's hymn, "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound;" for it was evidently a sound coming from the tomb, and lugubrious enough, though its professed object is to "excite the religious public to contention." It is the ghost of departed Calvinism, ringing its own knell, with a faint hope thereby to raise up those who shall contend for its dogmas. We have always sympathised deeply with the last sincere worshipers of the old gods among the Romans, lingering round their deserted altars, and striving with a sort of despairing effort to bring back the golden days of the Pantheon. But all in vain.

> Apollo from his shrine
> Can no more divine,
> With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving,
> No nightly trance, or breathed spell
> Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.
>
> In consecrated earth,
> And on the holy hearth,
> The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
> In urns and altars round,
> *A drear and dying sound*
> *Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;*
> And the chill marble seems to sweat,
> While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

It is with similar feelings that we look on the attempt to revive the Panoplist, and with it the doctrines which it formerly advocated, but which, if we are to credit its present lamentations, have become almost obsolete. "A considerable portion of that denomination [the Unitarian] have embraced the Pantheistic form of Atheism.—Through the influence of the German theologians, partly of the rationalistic, but chiefly of the evangelical school, these views have gained admission and are somewhat rapidly extending themselves amongst our Orthodox churches." p. 2. "We know that it [rationalism] has long shown its influence in our colleges, that it characterises the discussions in our theological seminaries, and the discourses of the pulpit; we know that it is rapidly extending itself, and that it threatens a very general defection from the faith of our fathers." p. 9. "It is painful to witness the apathy and even disgust with which the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel are treated by those who publicly profess to regard them as the grand means of their sanctification." p. 10. In another article the reading of old Calvinistic devotional books is urged as especially important at the present day, "considering the defects of the instructions of the pulpit on practical religion." p. 33. The Orthodox pulpit of course is here meant. "What shall we say," it is again asked, "of that preaching so common amongst us where the great doctrines of human depravity and spiritual religion are almost explained away; where nothing seems to be left but Orthodox phraseology sufficient to conceal the deception?"

We might go on quoting to almost any extent passages written in this strain. We know not who the writers are; but we at once pity and respect them. We know that they must be sincere. But, as we believe that the system whose downfall they lament was a terrible perversion of Christianity, prepared with wonderful metaphysical skill as an iron prison in which to confine the free and beautiful teachings of Jesus, we cannot allow our compassion for the mourners who go about the streets, to interfere with our rejoicing. We can, therefore, say with truth that we have read this first number of *the new Panoplist* with almost unmingled satisfaction and cheerfully recommend it to our readers. It contains the most decisive testimony we have yet seen, that there is a real progress here in New England towards a pure, evangelical theology; that the institutes of Calvin shall no longer tyrannise over our churches, but that the word of God shall have free course and be glorified. We believe in the Bible. Especially do we believe in the New Testament as the record of a perfect revelation from God, as our only perfect rule of faith and practice; and the more entirely it is freed from all human creeds and allowed to speak in its own words to the reason and the hearts of men, the more will its power be felt and its principles of truth and life manifest themselves through the church.

[For the Register.]

MANCHESTER, N. H. Jan. 21st, 1850.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The Report of your recent Missionary Meeting has given me so much gratification that I feel desirous of expressing the same through your columns. This I would do not merely as an individual expression of sentiment, but because I have found it general among the scattered members of the "household of faith" at a distance from our religious homestead—Boston. Every true beating of that great heart of Unitarianism sends the warm life-blood through every vein and artery of the body of believers, be they never so remote, and that blood shall not be chilled in the circulation, but we would fain send it back again to the heart as warm and vital as when it left it. Please regard this letter, then, as an irrepressible response to your glorious meeting in the "Church of the Saviour."

And now, Messrs. Editors, is that to be the *last* missionary meeting held in Boston this winter? I rejoice at the course of *Doctrinal* Lectures to be delivered on Sunday evenings; there never was a time since the era of our Saviour and his Apostles when distinctive, definite, and plain *Unitarian* preaching was more demanded than now. But still this missionary spirit must accompany it, that the living truths we hold as "the power of God unto salvation" may be diffused widely abroad and bless every one that believeth. It seems to me that our Zion is just awakened to the importance of missions and that these meetings should be continued. Do not let us fold our hands and slumber once more.

Again, are we to have no revival of those valuable conference meetings of last winter, those meetings of prayer and praise which throughout New England did so much to dispel prejudice from other hearts and quicken life in our own?

Now will not our Boston brethren answer both these questions as our hopes indicate by saying the Missionary and Conference meetings shall be kept up? It is true that Sunday evening is henceforth otherwise appropriated, and the doctrinal course of sermons is of too much importance to be interfered with. Far from all minds be the very thought. But is there no *week* evening when you can hold *Missionary Conference meetings*, filling with earnest men and women a vestry if not a church? Would not this happily combine the two and give (what we have sometimes felt was needed) a definite subject for remark which would heighten the interest and value of *Conference* and also infuse into *missions* the essential spirit of faith and prayer? Better would it be to hold these meetings once a week than once a fortnight, especially as the winter is far spent. These week meetings would act well upon the Sunday lectures: and the threefold cord

of correct faith, earnest prayer and missionary love for brother man could not be easily sundered.

I proffer this suggestion, not as original save in some of its details, for there are doubtless among you earnest brethren with whom the idea has long been a favorite one. It is the more valuable because the almost spontaneous thought of many minds.

Will you indulge me with the expression of one other thought, not intended as the foregoing for your readers in Boston, but for those without its limits, for offering which my interest in the missionary movement, to which a large portion of my ministerial life has been devoted, must serve as an apology? Why should we at a distance, (greater or less,) from Boston, be content with reports of the meetings at the Jerusalem of our faith? Why should not the missionary hymns there sung and earnest words there uttered find a repeating echo among these mountains and in the valleys also?

I have thought for a long time that every Unitarian Society throughout our borders ought to hold just such a missionary conference as I have attempted to describe, Yes, the smallest eleemosynary society should do something, and make an effort in proportion to its means for the Unitarian Association. Let its minister preach once a year, also, in its behalf and in explanation of its objects. And the feebler the society the more imperative *for its own interests* that it should engage in the missionary works; for in those things who has not felt the truth of the Scripture, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and that we always thus help ourselves more than we can aid others?

We hope in Manchester before the Anniversaries to hold such a meeting, not entirely because it assists the Association, which we rejoice to do, but also because in a higher sense it assists ourselves. Let each society throughout the denomination try the plan or some other having the same object in view; let it at least take up a collection for the purpose, and I believe none will, in any way, pecuniarily or spiritually, be losers.

Truly yours, A. B. F.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An Elementary Treatise on Curvature; also, a Fragmentary Essay on Curves: by Thomas Hill.

The mutual relationships that exist among the objects of any science, instead of being early ascertained, are often reserved for a highly advanced stage of knowledge. The first attempts at classification are founded on superficial resemblances, not on structural affinities. Thus the whale in former times took rank as a fish, because he lived in the ocean, though as both warm-blooded and viviparous, we now recognize him as a sea-faring cousin of the various families of Mammalia. In the vegetable creation, as plants are most sought and best observed when in flower, the number and arrangement of the component parts of the flower were the basis of the earliest systems of classification, and thus the *linden-tree* and the *pond-lily* are found to belong, beyond dispute, to the same class and order, though in constitution and habit they have almost nothing in common. The progress of all the sciences has been towards classifications founded on internal, rather than superficial characterstics,—on the nature, rather than on the aspect of objects. Thus animals are no longer classed according to their shapes, but by their organic structure,—plants are grouped, not by the number of their stamens and pistils, but by the *tout ensemble* of the peculiarities indicative of their anatomy. We had never expected to see curves bent to this law of progress. We had always looked upon them as too passionless for natural affinities, and as too much alike for natural differences. Every curve has been hitherto represented by the fundamental equation, the developement of which determined its successive points and the direction and length of its co-ordinates; and the several curves known to mathematicians have been classified according to the exponent of the power of the leading quantity in each equation. We can readily see that this exponent defines nothing as the nature of the curve; for the degree of an equation never represents the nature of the problem, of which it furnishes the solution. Mr. Hill's treatise is designed to suggest hints toward a system of "natural orders" for curves,—a system by which they are classed "according to their laws of continuity and direction." We understand enough of this pamphlet to know that it is original, profound, and well adapted to enhance the author's well-earned fame as a mathematician. Whether we can comprehend it in full, it concerns not our readers to know; for, were we to meditate the resumption of certain long-suspended duties as a tutor in mathetics, we should need types not usually at hand in the fonts of a religious journal.

The Pulpit Reporter. New York.

The present, which is the second No. of this journal, designed to give specimens of modern preaching, contains sermons by Rev. G Thurston Bedell, (Episcopalian,) Rev. E. H. Chapin, (Universalist,) Rev. M. Dwight, (Dutch Reformed,) Rev. W. R. Williams, (Baptist,) and Rev. D. R. Hustin, (Orthodox Congregationalist.) And very ordinary sermons, for the most part, they are.—The first is meant to be argumentative, but the reasoning is as inconclusive as it is threadbare. The second has Mr. Chapin's prominent merits, earnestness, energy, vividness, and his occasional fault—rhetorical ambition. With some departures from a pure taste, it is the best of the five, except that of Mr. Williams. The third is meagre, of a narrow scope, and no glow of eloquence. The fourth discloses traces of the cultivated strength of an original mind, and the chastened imagination of a devout poet,—with rather too large an allowance of Old Testament names. The fifth is common-place to an unreasonable excess. Besides these discourses, the Pulpit Reporter gives us a shabby wood-cut intended to represent Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's face, with a short sketch of his life, a paragraph on orators, some dismal skeletons of sermons,—the driest of all dry-bones, which we sincerely hope will never be clothed in flesh and blood to afflict the church,—and finally a flattering Prospectus of the "Reporter" itself. We hope it will improve, for the plan is by no means a bad one, and has capabilities. We should recommend decidedly the omission of everything but sermons, especially engravings.

It is painful to see so illiberal a notice of this enterprise as appears in the following passage copied from the "Independent," a paper from which we are accustomed to expect and to receive better things. It must have slipped in by accident. The unsectarian character of the Reporter we do *not* consider one of its faults. If the Independent conceives itself, and its readers and friends, to have got beyond being instructed by the liberal denominations, we are sorry for it; because its conceit is then of the stupid sort, and must stand in the way of the growth, which, in common with the rest of Christendom, it needs. On the contrary, if it would imply that its Orthodox readers cannot be trusted to listen to other opinions than they hold, what a sad compliment is that to their understandings!—Really, have not all sincere Christians in these days something to learn from one another?

"As however it will report all sorts of sermons, Calvinistic, Arminian, Unitarian, Universalist, Puseyistic, Roman Catholic, Swedenborgian, it will require to be read with discrimination, and is hardly suitable for general circulation among families. For ministers especially, and for all who wish to know just what is taught from Sabbath to Sabbath in the various pulpits of our land, it is a capital work, and we therefore wish it success. Perhaps the good it may do to Roman Catholics, Universalists and the like, by means of the evangelical discourses which it will lay before them in contrast with those of their own faith, will counterbalance the evil it may do by introducing discourses of an opposite character into families where evangelical religion prevails."

Dark Scenes of History: by G. P. R. James, Esq. Harper & Brothers.

This is another work by the implacable, untireable Briareus of modern literature, whose hundred hands hold a hundred pens, which seem to gain new activity every time they touch the paper. There is something terrible in this enormous fecundity. We are all sharers in a common nature, and any author may well fear lest he be permitted to fall into the same awful and insatiable facility. Those who feel bound to read every thing might have more hope, if, as has been said of another voluminous writer, Mr. James were a worse man. If he were addicted to dissipation, there would be some chance of interruption, some breathing space while he got over an attack of fever, or gout, or dyspepsy, or at least a transient head-ache. But there is no chance even here, for we understand that he is an eminently moral, domestic and exemplary man, in excellent health, most orderly in his habits, and one who really loves to write all that he publishes. For ourselves, we think that no one man has a right so to monopolize the use of the English Dictionary. He is wearing out its words. In the eternal flowing current of his discourse, words become smooth and rounded as pebbles in a stream, and in so doing lose all their characteristic force and meaning. A few such authors in different departments, would go far to destroy the poetic beauty of any language.

The worst of it is, that nearly all which Mr. James write, is pretty good. It is almost worth being read, and would be quite so, if he published only one volume, where he now does twenty. If we can trust to impressions made by what was read so long ago, several of his first novels (setting aside the works of Scott, and two or three other writers) were inferior to no productions, belonging to the same class, of the time. Had he written no more, there would, we believe, have been much regret that he had ceased to write. All his books which we have read, breathe a generous, manly tone of feeling, while there is such a life-like progress onward, both of incident and style, that whoever begins one of his works is very apt to go on to the end. He writes so well, that you feel that a condemnatory criticism does him injustice; but notwithstanding he is "utterly tolerable and not to be borne." He is like some great talkers that we know of, admirable, except that they talk too much. If they said only a tenth part of what they now say, they would be the charm of admiring, instead of the oppressors of patient, friends. The book before us treats of some of the most interesting scenes in history. We do not undertake to criticise it. Every body knows beforehand what its merits are, for Mr. James always writes on the same plane, just as a river in a valley flows over the same level. If he had written nothing else, probably all general readers would read it. It furnishes no special reason for writing this notice, except that when a well-meaning man every month puts a new volume before you, civility seems to require, that once in a great while there should be some response.

Those who wish for the work will find it at Crosby & Nichols's, where also may be found all the new publications, some of them better, and many not so good as this.

Miscellanies: by William R. Williams. New York: Edward H. Fletcher. 1850.

This volume is composed of discourses, reviews, and sermons on quite a variety of subjects, and prepared for very various occasions. It may not be for our credit to acknowledge it, but though we have long been familiar with Mr. Williams's reputation, we have never before read any of his writings. We can give the impression which this volume has made upon us in no better way, than by saying that we have received so much of pleasure and profit from it, that we shall never, willingly, again allow anything which he publishes to come before us without reading it. The author is a Baptist, and, as we should judge, belongs to the straiter and stricter portion of the denomination.—His peculiar theology—as it ought to—runs through the volume; but besides this, it contains the results of large and liberal culture, of generous and manly thought, and of a mind deeply imbued with religious feeling. The author's style is characterized by simplicity and richness. It seems to flow out easily and naturally from a mind capable, not only of original thought, and well stored with theological learning, but also from one possessing a refined taste and delicate sense of the beautiful, such as we rarely meet with in works of this description. We are glad to see this volume. We are glad to see minds of this high order, occupying so high a place, in any denomination of Christians. We make small account of a few doctrinal peculiarities, when we see that a writer is able, honest, truth-loving and devout. We wish that such men abounded in every sect.

This volume may be found in Boston, at Crocker & Brewster's.

The Christian Parent: by A. B. Muzzey. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

We have examined this book with some care, and believe that it abounds in wise and wholesome precepts. Its views of the great subject which it treats seem to us comprehensive and correct, and the minute instructions, which may impair its interest as a book to read through, will probably add to its value as a manual in the hands of most parents. It does not protess to be original in style or thought; not is it desirable that it should be.—What we want in such a book is practical good sense; and that, we think, it has. If, on this ground, we should take exceptions to any part, it would be to the chapter on the step-mother, which rests on what we cannot but regard as a false principle. However beautiful the provision of nature by which the mother's affection for her child flows out like its food, the female heart is so made that few conscientious, affectionate women can long have the entire charge and responsibility of a little child without having a mother's affections and yearnings drawn out towards it.

The Eclectic Magazine. Feb. 1850.

We have received the February number of this valuable periodical. As is always the case, it is filled with the best articles, carefully selected from the foreign reviews and magazines. This number, in addition, contains an original engraving by Sartain, from a picture by Collin of "Atalliba, the last of the Incas, receiving the last embraces of his family." This is one of the works which we are always glad to commend to the attention of our readers.

Littell's Living Age. No. 298.

This number contains an article on the recent Arctic Expeditions, Prescott's admirable review of Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature, and the usual variety of shorter articles from the English periodicals For ninepence a week, one may have in Littell the best productions, scattered through all the best periodicals of England.

Judge Howe. A memoir of the late Judge Howe, with interesting notices of other distinguished legal gentlemen of our faith, is about to be published by the American Unitarian Association.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Kentucky and the Dis-Unionists. It is cheering, while the menancing cry of Dis-union is heard from so many quarters, to find some from the south, as well as the north, who rebuke such senseless and idle sentiments. Governor Crittenden, of Kentucky, has made the following beautiful reference to our National Union in his late annual message.

"Dear as Kentucky is to us, she is not our whole country. The Union, the whole Union, is our country, and proud as we justly are of the name of *Kentuckian*, we have a loftier and more far famed title—that of *American Citizen*—a name known and respected throughout the world, and which, wherever we may be, has power to protect us from the despotism of emperor or king.

"As a party to the Constitution, Kentucky interchangeably, with the other States, pledged herself to abide by and support the Constitution and the Union which it established. If that pledge were her only obligation, it ought to be inviolable. But the seal of Washington stamped upon it—the thousand glorious recollections associated with its origin—the benefits and blessings it has conferred—the grander hopes it now inspires, have day by day increased our attachment, until the mere sense of plighted faith and allegiance is lost in proud, grateful and affectionate devotion.

"I can entertain no apprehension for the fate of such a Union.

"The approach of any danger to it would be the signal for rallying to its defence—the first moment of its peril would be the moment of its rescue.—I persuade myself that there will be found in Congress, on the exciting subject which has given rise to the late agitation and alarm, a *wise forbearance*, and a *wise patience*, that will secure us from danger; and that the very men who, in the heat and contention of debate, have spoken most boldly the language of defiance and menace to the Union, will not be hindmost in making sacrifice for its preservation.

"The Union has further security, in the parental care and guardianship of its present illustrious Chief Magistrate; and, far above all other securities, it has the all-powerful public opinion and affection of the people.

"Kentucky is not insensible to the causes which have produced so much sensibility and irritation with her brethren of the Southern States, nor is she without her sympathies with them. But she does not permit herself to harbor one thought against the Union. She deprecates disunion as the greatest calamity; she can see no remedy in it—none, certainly, for any grievance as yet complained of or to be apprehended.

"Kentucky will stand by and abide by the Union to the last, and she will hope that the same kind Providence that enabled our fathers to make it will enable us to preserve it. Our whole history has taught us a consoling confidence in that Providence."

As a response to this portion of the message, Mr. Simms, in the Kentucky Legislature, presented the following resolutions. They are as honorable to him as the message is to the Governor:—

"*Resolved*, That the union of sovereign States of the Republic is the only sure foundation of its strength and greatness, and to the American patriot is nearer and dearer than any local, sectional, or fractional interest whatever, arising from geographical divisions or party feuds, and that every effort to dissolve it is at enmity with the principles of the Revolution, and is totally destructive of our highest social and political happiness—to our national prosperity, and to our well earned fame.

"*Resolved*, That the union of these States was cemented in revolutionary blood, and is above all price, and that Kentucky will stand by it as the most sacred duty, while she remembers the struggles of '76, and the parting admonitions of the father of his country.

"*Resolved*, That we have full confidence in the patriotism of our Senators and Representatives in Congress assembled, and that upon this question they will be true and unyielding in their devotion to the Union."

Dr. Martin Gay. It is rarely the case that the death of any one, not in public life, produces so deep and general a feeling of loss and sorrow, as that of the late Dr. Gay. It is a proof that in the end, if one possesses solid attainments and solid virtues, no matter how unobtrusive and retiring he may be, he will find his true place in the estimation of the community.

We find in the Daily Advertiser a notice of his character, so discriminating and just, that we transfer a part of it to our colums. After speaking of his large professional and scientific acquirements, the writer proceeds to say:

"It is not, however, intellectual gifts and attainments that are most worthy of commemoration. When a good man dies, whatever may have been his intellectual endowments, or worldly distinctions, it is not these things that survivors dwell on with most satisfaction, or mourn with the deepest sorrow. It is felt that there is something in a noble, virtuous character that far transcends them in value. The recognition of this great truth in the general and spontaneous expression of grief for Dr. Gay's death, is highly creditable to the moral sense of this community. He possessed neither wealth, conspicuous station, nor the qualities that command popular applause; yet few deaths have occurred in this city, for many years, that have been more widely lamented. The quiet beauty and attractiveness of his daily life, his delicate regard for the feelings of others, his unaffected courtesy, frankness, and benignity of manners, his nice sense of honor, his generous and disinterested kindness, his strong love of truth and justice, his sterling honesty, and his rigid conscientiousness, all happily blended in just proportions, could not fail to inspire affection, confidence and respect. His moral principles had peculiar strength. No one could know him, without feeling that no temptation could move him from his purpose to be a perfectly upright and honorable man. Neither indignation at imposture and injustice, personal friendship, nor a desire to advance his own interests, could make him swerve, in the slightest degree, from his convictions of honor and right. No physician in the city has for many years, it is believed, been so often called upon to testify in courts of justice, in cases involving questions of medico-chemical science. On such occasions, legal gentlemen, eminent for station and ability, have pronounced him to have been unsurpassed for fairness, clearness, and accuracy, and for the confidence which he inspired as a man of science and of truth.

"Dr. Gay's character in his domestic relations was in beautiful harmony with the rest of his life. His memory will long be affectionately cherished, and faith in man and in virtue, will be the stronger in many hearts because he has lived."

Missionaries and the King of Siam. A singular difficulty lately occurred to the Presbyterian Nissionaries in Siam, growing out of an absurd custom, to which they were reluctant to yield obedience. It seems to be a custom, on the occurrence of any occasion of special thanksgiving, to give expression to the popular gratitude by making presents to the King. On the disappearance of the cholera, the missionaries were politely informed by one of the King's ministers that a present would be expected of them, and the kind of present also specified—as fowls, ducks, or pigs.

The missionaries of the Presbyterian Board, at first supposing that the gifts partook of the nature of the Budhist system of merit-making, declined to present any, or to give any money for the purpose. But on subsequent explanations, that they were simply as tokens of good-will to his majesty, they with the Baptist missionaries, contributed their quota—a mere trifle in amount. The Roman Catholic bishops and priests peremptorily declined. This was resented by the king, who ordered them to leave the kingdom. After some negotiation, the bishop and three native priests consented to give the presents; eight French priests, however, still refused, and the order for their departure has been repeated.

Mr. Malcom, in giving the account, describes the result of the King's requirements as follows:

"As near as we can now ascertain, the King has collected in three days between seventy-five and one hundred thousand fowls and ducks, and hundreds, and I may, I think, with safety say thousands of pigs. Of course it has raised their price in market—in fact, it is just now difficult to obtain them at any price. As we have looked upon these follies we have almost been ready to wish that we had done nothing, even indirectly, to aid in swelling these processions. But we did what we thought at the time was right and best, and we cannot now recall the act, even if our decision was wrong. But with all the light which the follies of the last three days have thrown upon the subject, I should still doubt what was duty." [New York Ev. Post.

Dr. Achilli. The preposterousness of the criminal charges trumped up by the Papists against this persecuted man has so effectually disgusted the public mind in the civilized world, that they have been withdrawn by the authorities of Rome, and the fact is at length confessed that he was imprisoned and continued to be detained solely for the offence of the religious opinions which he maintained, and his activity in their propagation. The circumstances of his arrest, too, so far implicated the French government, that no diplomatic chicanery has enabled them to evade the responsibility. He had availed himself of the liberty allowed under the Republic to return to Rome and preach the Gospel; and he had married; and he was thus in Rome when the French took military possession and assumed the government of the city.—During this military occupation and government, he was arrested by the *sbirri* under the sanction of French troops who occupied the house in which he was seized. On the first representation by his British freinds to the French government, the story of his alleged amours and crimes was pompously brought forth as the ground of his detention. When the absurdity of this was made manifest, the facts of his arrest were denied, and it was admitted that he was in prison as a recreant priest under Papal laws. It was then proved by French officers that the *chasseurs* occupied the house when he was taken, and that the power of France was actually applied to persecute a convert from Romanism who was guilty of no crime but that of having acted upon his own avowed principles as a Protestant Christian, and within the laws of the *de facto* government then subsisting. He had done in Rome precisely what Bishop Wiseman does in England, and Bishop Hughes in America. And *France—Republican* France—imprisons him.

The case was so glaring that the *Christian Times*, of Dec. 28, confidently anticipated his speedy liberation. Indeed, in a postscript it had a rumor that Dr. Achilli had actually been liberated by the French authorities at Rome. It gives in another article the following statement, which shows that the persecuting power of Romanism is still the same as in the days of Luther, more intent on securing victims than rendering justice:

"Important from Rome.—A fellow-prisoner of Dr. Achilli has denounced him to the Cardinal Vicar for preaching the Gospel to the inmates of the prison; and orders have consequently issued to remove him from his present quarters, and place him *au secret*, *i. e.*, in the sacred dungeons. The accuser is the young man who recently stole 150 of the choicest coins of the Vatican collection, of which he was the keeper. He was a *protege* of the Pope and of Cardinal Lambruschini, and has probably been induced to purchase his own safety by this act of delation. It is evidently part of a plot, which thickens rapidly, and must soon reach its crisis one way or the other." *Independent.*

Education of Idiots in New York. We made a brief allusion a few weeks since, to the experiment, which Massachusetts is making for the Education of Idiots, and to the Institution for Imbeciles, of Dr. Wilbur, at Barre. The Governor of New York, in his late message, makes the following statement with regard to Idiots in that State, and recommends an establishment for their education. We hope that the good example of our own State will be followed.

"The success which has attended the efforts made of late years to resuscitate the mind of the Idiot, and to elevate him in the scale of human beings, has demonstrated, at least with sufficient certainty to call for the active aid of the State, that these unfortunate creatures, the most afflicted, as a class, of all whom the heavy dispensations of a wise Providence has visited, are susceptible within definite limits of mental and physical development and improvement.

"The State has already recognized the obligations resting upon it, to provide for the education of all its children, and has made liberal provision for the education of those deprived of the organs of sight, and of hearing and speech, as well as for the improvement and reclamation of the lunatic. The efforts of the Legislature should not be intermitted until they have secured to all classes and conditions, such an education as they may be capable of receiving, and may qualify them for the duties pertaining to their respective pursuits and condition in life.

"The number of Idiots exceeds that of either the Blind or the Deaf and Dumb. While the State has made liberal provision for the care and education of the latter, it has done nothing for the improvement of the Idiot. The parents and the friends of the many hundred Idiots in the State, seek in vain, a refuge, or school, where their afflicted children or friends may be protected or made useful. The reason is doubtless to be found in the strong impression which has prevailed, that nothing could be done for the improvement of the Idiot. This impression must, however, now be confined to those who are not willing to receive the evidence of what has been successfully accomplished. He has been taught to articulate, and to talk distinctly, and to bring his passions and appetites into subjection; he has been instructed and made to read, to write, and to sing, and to exercise mechanical labor and skill in various trades. These results induce me to recommend the establishment by the Legislature of an Asylum and School for Idiots, on such scale and terms of endowment as your wisdom shall deem best."

Aid to Dr. Dick. The Messrs. Biddle, of Philadelphia, publishers, have generously offered to issue an edition of Dr. Dick's works, ten volumes bound in five, on fine paper, in handsome half muslin, for $4,50, and for every set sold they will send the distressed and needy Dr. two dollars out of the sum. All who may wish to adopt this plan of aiding the worthy author, can send their names and money to Mr. Burritt, at Worcester, and the books will be delivered by him. This is a splendid opportunity to do good, and at the same time derive rare personal and intellectual benefit.

[Olive Branch.

Kennebunk. Mr. Joshua A. Swan will be ordained over the Unitarian Society in Kennebunk, Maine, on Wednesday next, the 6th inst., in the afternoon. Sermon by Rev. Nathaniel Hall, of Dorchester.

Erratum. We are not often guilty of the sin of speaking to our readers in what is to any of them an unknown tongue. But we are sorry that our transgression last week should not at least have been done handsomely. What a "*Tuschaner*" is we do not certainly know, nor whether there is one of that species "at the Potomac." If it means, according to one possible derivation, a dabbler and dauber in water-colors, we hope the printer will hasten to beg Mr. Schmidt's pardon. But if it means a *flourisher*; as its root might suggest, we hope the "*Zuschaner*" will accept the typographical blunder as an auspicious omen.

☞ The blunder alluded to was owing not so much to the single "sin" of writing in an unknown tongue, as to the double one of writing an unknown tongue in a chirography that no one could decipher. [Printer.

[We gladly commend the following to our readers:]

[For the Register.]

Mr. Editor,—Doubtless many of your readers read the notice contained in the "Traveller" of the 21st inst., of the enterprise of Capt. Kimball and his associates from Cutler, Maine, who are now in Boston, on board their vessel, which lies at the north side of Central Wharf. This Ark of Promise has been built by their own hands, and is designed to transport the colony to California, thence perhaps to Oregon, where they intend purchasing a township and making a new home. The joint ownership of the vessel and its sea stores, and the coöperation of labor among all who compose the company, render the enterprise of great interest to those who are watching "the signs of the times."

I visited the vessel yesterday, and heard from Capt. Kimball a verification of the interesting statement contained in the Traveller, to which I will refer your readers for more accurate statements respecting the undertaking.

My present purpose is to appeal to your readers in behalf of these children and young people, that they be supplied freely with books. One lady promises me a copy of Channing's works, and I doubt not, there are many who will contribute freely of those books which they consider so essential aids in the education and culture of their own families. Let us, who do value the influences of liberal Christianity, not neglect this spring-time, but sow, with a liberal hand, seed which may bear fruit on the shores of the Pacific.

There are long and weary days of sea life before these emigrants, in which mothers and sisters, brothers and sons, will have many an hour of leisure for reading and mutual instruction. Let not these children go without all of Mr. Abbott's Juvenile books, Mary Howitt's, Miss Martineau's, Miss Edgeworth's works; but an enumeration of the "must haves and may wants," in the matter of books, is, in these days of book making, no easy matter. Let those who will contribute, *at once* leave their names and a list of the books they will furnish, or the books themselves, at the Sales Room for the Institution for the Blind, No. 20 Bromfield street, care of Mr. Isaac Patten.

All books thus left, I will hold myself answerable for, and will see strongly covered, labelled, packed and forwarded to the vessel. As our friends will sail early, it is needful that we at once do what our hands find to do.

E. C. Goodwin.

THE CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY.

☞ The Children's Missionary, Mr. Barry, has labored for many months in this city. He has obtained places for a large number of destitute children, has induced others to attend our day Schools and Churches, and has established a Sunday School, which has done much good and is increasing in usefulness.

At the present time many children who come under Mr. Barry's influence, are suffering for want of proper clothing. If any young persons have garments which they would like to have judiciously bestowed, they will be most acceptable, and will be gratefully received, if left at Mr Barry's residence, No. 8 Ashland Avenue, (near 680 Washington st.) or (if more convenient) at No. 11 Essex st.

R. C. WATERSTON.

☞ Society for the Relief of Aged and Destitute Clergymen. The Treasurer would acknowledge the receipt towards the funds of this Society of the following sums.

Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D.,	$100,00
Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D. D,	$100,00

feb2 EPHRAIM PEABODY, Treasurer.

☞ Overseers of Harvard College. An adjourned meeting of the Overseers of Harvard College will be held on Thursday next, the 7th day of February, at 12 o'clock, in the Senate Chamber.

ALEXANDER YOUNG, Secretary.

Boston, Feb. 2, 1850

☞ The undersigned acknowledges the receipt of Fifteen Hundred and Seven Dollars and Five Cents, by the hands of Geo. W. Warren, Esq., being a contribution from the Church of the Saviour. (Rev. Mr. Waterston's.) in Boston, to the American Unitarian Association, in addition to One Hundred and Fifty Dollars contributed in December.

H. P. FAIRBANKS, Treasurer A. U. A.

January 29, 1850. feb2

☞ Meadville Theological School. The subscriber acknowledges with thanks the receipt of Fifty Dollars from a Lady, per Rev. G. W. Hosmer of Buffalo.

F. HUIDEKOPER.

Meadville, Jan. 10, 1850. feb2

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Jan. 15, Walter M. Brackett to Maria Louise, daughter of Caleb G. Loring, Esq.

Jan. 21, by Rev Henry V. Degen, Mr Horatio N. Hibbard to Miss Martha Seaver, both of Boston.

Jan. 22, Mr Alexander McKillop to Miss Jennette Wolfe.

In Roxbury, Jan. 16, Mr Franklin Copeland to Miss Elizabeth Marion, daughter of Charles Ellis, Esq., both of R.

In Dorchester, Jan. 15, Mr Alfred Nye of Boston, to Miss Sophia A. Hildreth of D. Mr Daniel Pierce to Miss Sarah Gay: 20th, Mr J. H. Case to Miss Elizabeth G. Gates, daughter of Mr Benj. Gates

In Canton, Jan. 16, Samuel Bradley Noyes, Esq., to Miss Georgiana, daughter of Mr James Beaumont, all of C.

In Bridgewater, Jan. 11, by Rev Mr Bradford, Mr Calvin Holmes of B to Miss Julia A. R. Ryan of Wareham.

In Lowell, Jan. 22d, Mr Wm. P. McKay of Boston, to Miss Mary Sabine Green.

In Westborough, Jan. 1st, by Rev Daniel R. Cady, Mr Edmund H. Priest to Miss Emily M. Rawson, both of Westborough.

In Marshfield, Jan. 17, by Luther Hatch, Esq., Mr Jonathan W. Wade to Miss Celia A. Fish, all of Marshfield.

In Wrentham, Jan 7, Alonzo Fol ett, of Boston, to Miss Catharine J. Fuller of W.

In Bangor, Me., Jan. 10, Rev Henry Giles, to Miss H. Louise, daughter of E. P. Lord, E-q., of Bucksport.

In Providence, R. I., Chauncy G. Fuller of Wrentham, to Celia C. Blackington of Attleboro'. Jan 18, Mr Eben S. Pearce, to Miss Elizabeth Holbrook of Roxbury.

In New Orleans, Jan. 9, Durant du Pont, Esq., Assistant Editor of the Picayune, to Sophia, daughter of Wm Brooke, Esq.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr Rufus K. Falls, 20, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H.

Jan. 30, Mrs Elizabeth P., wife of Hon. James Savage, 57.

Jan. 21, Mary Ells, daughter of Samuel B. and Mary A. Kingman, 2 yrs 3 mos

Jan. 21, Wm. Albert, son of Mr N. H. Osgood, 6 mos.

Jan. 22, James W., only child of James and Augusta M. Brokenshire, 7 yrs 11 mos.

In North Chelsea, 23d inst, Mrs Martha, wife of Mr Bill Tewaskury, 65.

In Charlestown, Jan. 22, Mrs Sarah, widow of the late Mr Joseph Brown, 78.

Jan. 24, Allen Prince, eldest son of James B. and Judith D. Beal, 12 mos 17 days.

In North Woburn, Jan 3d, Josephine, daughter of Mr Charles and Mrs. Nichols, 8 years; Jan. 6th, Mrs. Esther Eaton, wife of Mr. Noah Eaton and mother of the above Mrs Nichols, 54; Jan. 10, Mrs Nichols herself, 31 years; Jan. 12, Mr. Leonard W. Parks, her husband's brother-in-l w, 34.

In Malden, Jan. 21, Mrs Phœbe A., wife of Henry E. Turner, 37.

In West Newton, Jan. 25, Nancy H. Curtis, 36, wife of George A. Curtis, late of this city.

In Brighton, Jan. 19, Mrs Phebe Goodwin, 60, a native of Taunton, Mass.

In North Bridgewater, Jan. 19, Hon. Abel Kingman, 81.

In Hubbardston, Jan. 28, Mrs Ann Hill, 79, the mother of Rev Geo. T. Hill of Hubbardston.

In Princeton, Mass., Jan. 16, Mrs Lucy Everett, wife of Mr Wm Everett, 84

In Leominster, Jan. 18, Charles Watson, son of the late John and Mary W. Burrage, 12.

In Hallowell, Me., Jan. 16, of inflammation of the brain, Frank Shaler, son of George B. Stearns, formerly of this city, 12.

In Bangor, Jan. 15, Dea. George W. Brown, 57, formerly of Concord. Mass.

In Newport, R. I., Jan. 18, Mrs Alice W., widow of Silas Ward, Esq., 54.

In New Haven, Ct., Jan. 18, Mrs Harriet, wife of Prof. B. Silliman, senior.

In Pike, N. Y., Capt. Joshua Whitney, 90, a soldier of the revolution.

In St. Louis, Mrs Elizabeth Holman, 48, formerly of Beverly, Mass.

In California, Charles Brown, Jr., of Newburyport. Lot Stoddard of Cohasset.

OBITUARY.

Died in Roxbury, on Jan. 6th, Mrs. Catharine W. Codman, wife of Henry Codman, Esq.

A wise and inscrutable Providence has suddenly removed from us, a wife, a mother, and a friend. One, whose life was filled with blessings, and who was ever ready to impart them, for the comfort and consolation of those around her. Her trust and reliance on the mercy of God, was her ruling principle; it ever sustained and guided her life. That mercy guarded her to its close; spared her lingering suffering, and translated her at once, from earth to heaven; to the society of the just made perfect; to Him, who had passed, like her, through the shadow of death, to the light of eternal day.

Thou bright and blest! we trace thy flight,
Where o'er the eternal hills, the day is breaking;
No tears for thee! for an immortal light
Shone on thy spirit, in its glad awaking!

Jan. 8th, 1850. L. G. P.

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MASON M. MILES, M. D.

Boston, Nov. 10, 1849. ia3m&cow

Boston, Sept. 4, 1849.

HUBBARD WINSLOW would respectfully inform his patrons and friends, that he has purchased the house formerly occupied by Dr. John Ware, No. 5 Allston street, and is preparing it for the future permanent location of his SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, to be resumed on the 24th of this month. He purposes limiting the school, in future, to 40 pupils, with a corps of teachers no more than he can have constantly under his direct personal instruction. The rooms are very spacious and airy, and will be fitted up and furnished in the best style. A systematic, thorough, exact course of study will be pursued, such as to qualify young ladies for any situation as teachers, or as members of society. The most careful attention will be paid to their demeanor, and to their moral and religious culture.

Having directed all his studies, for several years, to the end of qualifying himself to teach in the best manner, the undersigned hopes for such results as will, in some degree, satisfy his long cher

POETRY.

THE WANING MOON.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I 've watched too late; the morn is near,
One look at God's broad, silent sky;
Oh, hopes and wishes vainly dear,
How in your very strength ye die!

Even while your glow is on the cheek,
And scarce the high pursuit begun,
The heart grows faint, the hand grows weak,
The task of life is left undone.

See, where, upon the horizon's brim,
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars,
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Sails up amid the eternal stars.

Late in a flood of tender light,
She floated through the etherial blue,
A softer sun, that shone all night
Upon the gathering beads of dew.

And still thou wanest, pallid moon!
The encroaching shadow grows space;
Heaven's everlasting watches soon
Shall see thee blotted from thy place.

Oh, Night's dethroned and crownless queen!
Well may thy sad, expiring ray
Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
Hope's glorious visions fade away.

Shine then for forms that once were bright,
For sages in the mind's eclipse,
For those whose words were spells of might,
But falter now on stammering lips.

In thy decaying beam there lies
Full many a grave on hill and plain,
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
The spheres of heaven shall cease to shine,
All rayless in the glittering throng
Whose lustre late was quenched in thine.

Yet soon a new and tender light
From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
And broaden till it shine all night
On glistening dew and glimmering stream.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CURE FOR LOW SPIRITS.

A HOUSEHOLD SKETCH.

From some cause, real or imaginery, I felt low spirited. There was a cloud upon my feelings, and I could not smile as usual, nor speak in a tone of cheerfulness. As a natural result, the light of countenance being gone, all things around me were in shadow. My husband was sober and had little to say, the children would look strangely at me when I answered their question, or spoke to them for any purpose, and domestics moved about in a quiet manner, and when they addressed me, did so in a tone more subdued than usual.

This reaction upon my state only made darker the clouds that veiled my spirits. I was conscious of this, and was conscious that the original cause of depression was entirely inadequate, in itself, to produce the result which had followed. Under this feeling, I made an effort to rally myself, but in vain; and sank lower from the very struggle to rise above the gloom that overshadowed me.

When my husband came home at dinner time, I tried to meet him with a smile; but I felt that the light upon my countenance was feeble, and of brief duration. He looked at me earnestly, and, in his kind and gentle way, inquired if I felt no better, affecting to believe that my ailment was one of the body instead of the mind. But I scarcely answered him, and I could see that he felt hurt. How much more wretched did I become at this! Could I have then retired to my chamber, and, alone, give my heart full vent in a passion of tears, I might have obtained relief to my feelings. But I could not do this.

While I sat at the table, forcing a little food into my mouth for appearance sake, my husband said—

"You remember the fine lad who has been for some time in our store?"

I nodded my head, but the question did not awaken in my mind the slightest interest.

"He has not made his appearance for several days; and I learned this morning, on sending to the house of his mother, that he was very ill."

"Ah!" was my indifferent response. Had I spoken what was in my mind, I would have said—"I'm sorry, but I can't help it." I did not, at the moment, feel the smallest interest in the lad.

"Yes," added my husband, "and the person who called to let me know about it, expressed his fears that Edward would not get up again."

"What ails him?" I inquired.

"I did not clearly understand. But he has a fever of some kind. You remember his mother very well?"

"Oh yes. You know she has worked for me. Edward is her only child, I believe."

"Yes. And his loss to her will be almost everything."

"Is he so dangerous?" I inquired, a feeling of interest beginning to stir in my heart.

"He is not expected to live."

"Poor woman! How distressed she must be. I wonder what her circumstances are just at this time. She seemed very poor when she worked for me."

"And she is very poor still, I doubt not. She has herself been sick, and during the time it is more than probable that Edward's wages were all her income. I am afraid she has not, now, the means of procuring for her sick boy things necessary for his comfort. Could you not go around there this afternoon, and see how they are?"

I shook my head, instantly, at this proposition, for sympathy for others was not strong enough to expel my selfish despondency of mind.

"Then I must step around," replied her husband, "before I go back to the store, although we are busy to-day, and I am much wanted there. It would not be right to neglect the lad and his mother under present circumstances."

I felt rebuked at these words; and, with a forced effort said—"I will go."

"It will be much better for you to see them than for me," returned my husband; "for you can understand their wants better, and minister to them more effectually. If they need any comforts, I would like you to see them supplied."

It still cost me an effort to get ready, but as I had promised to do as my husband wished, the effort had to be made. By the time I was prepared to go out, I felt something better. The exertion I was required to make, tendered to disperse, slightly, the clouds that hung over me, and as they began gradually to remove, my thoughts turned, with an awakening interest, toward the object of my husband's solicitude.

All was silent within the humble abode to which my errand led me. I knocked lightly, and in a few moments the mother of Edward opened the door. She looked pale and anxious.

"How is your son, Mrs. Ellis?" I inquired, as I stepped in.

"He is very low, ma'am," she replied.

"Not dangerous, I hope?"

"The fever has left him, but he is weak as an infant. All his strength is gone."

"But proper nourishment will restore him, if the disease is broken."

"So the doctor says. But I'm afraid it is too late. He seems to be sinking every hour. Will you walk up and see him, ma'am?"

I followed Mrs. Ellis up stairs, and into a chamber where the sick boy lay. I was not surprised at the fear she expressed, when I saw Edward's pale, sunken face, and hollow, almost expressionless eyes. He scarcely noticed my entrance.

"Poor boy!" sighed his mother. "He has had a very sick spell." My liveliest interest was at once awakened.

"He has been sick, indeed!" I replied, as I laid my hand upon his white forehead. I found his skin was cold and damp. The fever had nearly burned out the vital energy of his system.

"Do you give him much nourishment?"

"He takes a little barley water."

"Has not the doctor ordered wine?"

"Yes ma'am," replied Mrs. Ellis, but she spoke with an air of hesitation. "He says a spoonful of good wine, three or four times a day, would be very good for him."

"And you have not given him any?"

"No, ma'am."

"We have some very pure wine, that we always keep for sickness. If you will step over to our house, and tell Alice to give you a bottle of it, I will stay with Edward until you return."

How brightly glowed that poor woman's face as my words fell upon her ears!

"Oh, ma'am you are very kind!" said she. "But it will be asking too much of you to stay here!"

"You didn't ask it, Mrs. Ellis," I simply replied. "I have offered to stay; so do you go for the wine as quickly as you can, for Edward needs it very much."

I was not required to say more. In a few minutes I was alone with the sick boy, who lay almost still as if death were resting upon his half-closed eye-lids. To some extent in the half-hour I remained thus in that hushed chamber, did I realize the condition and feelings of the poor mother whose only son lay gasping at the very door of death, and all my sympathies were, in consequence, awakened.

As soon as Mrs. Ellis returned with the wine, about a tea spoonful of it was diluted, and the glass containing it placed to the sick lad's lips. The moment its flavor touched his palate, a thrill seemed to pass through his frame, and he swallowed eagerly.

"It does him good!" said I, speaking warmly, and from an impulse that made my heart glow.

We sat and looked with silent interest upon the boy's face, and we did not look in vain, for something like warmth came upon his wan cheeks, and when I placed my hand again upon his forehead, the coldness, and dampness were gone.—The wine had quickened his languid pulses. I staid an hour longer, and then another spoonful of the generous wine was given. Its effect was as marked as at first. I then withdrew from the humble home of the widow and her only child, promising to see them again in the morning.

When I regained the street, and my thoughts for a moment reverted to myself, how did I find all changed. The clouds had been dispersed—the heavy hand raised from my bosom. I walked with a freer step. Sympathy for others, and active efforts to do others good, had expelled the evil spirit from my heart; and now serene peace had there again her quiet habitation. There was light in every part of my dwelling when I re-entered it, and I sung cheerfully, as I prepared with my own hands a basket of provisions for the poor widow.

When my husband returned in the evening he found me at work, cheerfully, in my family, and all bright and smiling again. The effort to do good to others had driven away the darkness from my spirit, and the sun-shine was again upon my countenance, and reflected from every member of my household. [Lady's Wreath.

THE BIBLE.

ITS MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL BENEFITS.

We are not afraid to ascribe to the prevalence of true religion, that unmeasured superiority in all the dignities and decencies of life, which distinguish a Christian nation, as compared with a heathen. We ascribe it to nothing but acquaintance with the revealed will of God, that those kingdoms of the earth which bow at the name of Jesus, have vastly outstripped in civilisation every other, whether ancient or modern, which may be designated Pagan and idolatrous. If you search for the full developement of the principles of civil liberty, for the security of property, for an even-handed justice, for the rebuke of gross vices, for the cultivation of social virtues, for the diffusion of a generous care of the suffering,—you must turn to lands where the cross has been erected,—as though Christianity were identified with what is fine in policy, lofty in morals, and permanent in greatness. Yea, as though the Bible were a mighty volume, containing whatever is requisite for correcting the disorders of states, and cementing the happiness of families, you find the causing of it to be received and read by a people is tantamount to the producing a thorough revolution — a revolution, including equally in the palace and the cottage—so that every rank in society is mysteriously elevated and furnished with new elements of dignity and comfort—who, then, will refuse to confess, that, even if regard were had to nothing beyond the present scene, there is no gift comparable to that of the Bible.

We stand indebted to the Bible for much of intellectual as well as moral advantage. Indeed, the two go together. Where there is great moral, there will commonly be great mental degradation; and the intellect has no fair play while the man is under the dominion of vice.—It is certainly observable, that in becoming a religious man, an individual seems to gain a wider comprehension and a sounder judgment; as though, in turning to God, he had sprung to a higher grade in intelligence. It marks a weak, or at least an uninformed mind, to look with contempt on the Bible, as beneath the notice of a man of high power and pursuit. He, who is not spiritually, will be intellectually benefited by the study of scripture,—the understanding will be strengthened by contact with lofty truth, and the taste refined by acquaintance with exquisite beauty. And what is true of an individual, is true in its degree, of a nation; the diffusion of Christian knowledge being always attended by the diffusion of corrected views in other departments of truth, so that in proportion as a people are Christianized, we find them more inquiring and intelligent.

[Rev. Henry Melville.

QUEEN ADELAIDE.

She left the following memorandum, which is most happily expressive of that humility, which ought to be characteristic of every follower of the lowly Jesus, whatever may be their social, civil or political position in this lower world. Surely, in the sight of God, there is no difference of family or blood;—with him there is no respect of persons.

"I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the throne of God, and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be moved to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible.

"I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight, no procession, the coffin to be carried by sailors to the chapel.

"All those of my friends and relations, to a limited number, who wish to attend, may do so; my nephew, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimer, Lords Howe and Denbigh, the Hon. Wm. Ashley, Mr. Wood, Sir Andrew Barnard, and Sir D. Davies, with my dressers, and those of my ladies who may wish to attend.

"I die in peace, and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and the pomp of this world.

"I request not to be dissected nor embalmed; and desire to give as little trouble as possible.

"ADELAIDE R.

"Nov. 1849."

Appended to the above were these words:

"I shall die in peace with all the world, full of gratitude for all the kindness that was ever shown to me, and in full reliance on the mercy of our Saviour Jesus Christ, into whose hands I commit my soul."—*Witness.*

THE SAPIENT DUTCHMEN.—A few years ago a couple of Dutchmen, Von Vampt and Von Bones, lived on friendly terms on the high hills of Limestone. At last they fell out over a dog. Von Vampt killed Von Bones' canine companion. Bones, choosing to assume the killing to have been intentional, sued Vampt for damages.—They were in due time called into court, when the defendant in the case was asked by the judge whether he killed the dog. "Pe sure I kilt him," said Vampt, "but let Bones prove it." This being quite satisfactory, plaintiff in the action was called on to answer a few questions, and among others, he was asked by the judge at what amount he estimated the damages. He did not well understand the question, and so to be a little plainer the judge inquired what he thought the dog to be worth? "Pe sure," replied Bones, "the dog was worth nothing, but since he was so mean as to kill him he shall pay de full value of him." How many suits have occupied the attention of courts, how many contests have engaged the time of the public, and have been waged with virulence and invective, having no more worthy difference than that of Von Vampt and Von Bones. [N. Y. Observer.

The Bishop of Manchester, England, at a meeting for the purpose of forming a Parochial Association, in aid of the funds of a society for the employment of additional curates in populous places, uttered the following noble sentiments, which are worthy of attention this side of the Atlantic:

"I will aid on no principles of party, on no principles of private or individual pique or opinion. But if I find incumbents preferring their wretched ceremonial of a past time to the vital essence of a Christianity; if I find men dwelling upon a dress in the church instead of the spirit in which the doctrines of that church should be taught—clinging to the surplice of ministration, instead of clinging to the word and vital truths of God—and telling me, (for unfortunately I am not speaking of imaginary cases,) that they must cling to those antiquated follies, unsanctioned and unauthorized alike by the letter and the spirit of our Church and the Church of Christ; telling me; I say, that they must cling to those antiquated follies, or that they must become infidels—["no, no," from the platform—Applause.] And if I find, under the plea—the affected plea of Catholicism, and the ancient customs of an ancient Church, disrespect to their official superiors—claiming to themselves the right of withholding the right of baptism and burial from others—sending children from the church gates whose parents are anxiously craving for them to be received into that Church—sending the same child unburied from their church gates, in consequence of the want of that baptism which they themselves refused—on them I will not bestow your bounty. [Applause.] I am speaking of no imaginary cases.

STOP THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

An article copied from the New York Tribune concerning "Strange Developments" and "Communication with spirits in Western New York," lately met my eye. Had its author ever read the able and interesting article on Vibrating Dams, published in the American Journal of Science, vol. XLV. p. 363, by Professor E. Loomis, he would have seen that no spiritual agency was required to produce the audible sounds in question, and that they arose from purely physical causes, and probably in Rochester N. Y. as elsewhere, by the vibration of a dam over which water was falling.

Prof. Loomis describes this vibrating as producing sounds like a loud knocking on the doors and walls of buildings, and gives a particular account of the phenomena as observed at the dams of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; East Winsor, Conn; Springfield, Mass; Northampton, Mass; Gardner, Maine; and Hartford, Conn. He attributes the vibrations to the friction of the running water which falls over the dam, and shows how these sounds are transmitted to a distance by the earth and produce that sudden and alarming knocking sound in dwellings.

I have had occasion to verify his observations in one instant in the town of Nashua, where this phenomenon is quite common in winter, when the ground is frozen and more readily transmits the vibrations. Lectures at the Lyceum in that village are not unfrequently disturbed by a loud knocking sound, as if some one was striking with a heavy club on the wall of the building, and in order to prevent his discomposure the directors of the Lyceum sometimes warn the lecturer in advance that such sounds will be likely to be heard, and inform him that they arise from the river. On visiting the spot with three gentlemen, it was obvious that the vibrations were caused by the friction of the water on the dam, and that the irregularity of the occurrence was owing to the direction and force of the wind—the sounds being produced by an inflection of the falling sheet of water by the wind blowing against it, and varying with its intensity.

There was a time when the people of that town were somewhat disturbed by these strange sounds—this "knocking at everybody's door," in the middle of the night, and at such times when they would be most noticed and prove alarming; but now every one knows the causes that produce the sounds, and no attention is paid to them. Prof. Loomis has pointed out very simple and easy methods of checking this vibratory action in the dams.

Allow me to call the attention to one of the remarkable delusions mention in the "Strange Developments." It is alleged that the knocking regularly replied to inquiries, and that on calling over the letters of the alphabet, certain ones were responded to, so that an intelligible conversation was held with the invisible *spirit*, &c.

Now it is obvious enough how this trick was played; for it exactly corresponds to the old "experiment of ascertaining the hour by suspending a silver coin to a silken thread hung upon the thumb and within a glass tumbler." The irregular vibrations of the arm, hand and wrist, cause the coin to oscillate and strike the glass, and when the right number of hours is counted off, the coin is withdrawn, and behold a successful experiment! So the inquirers in "Western New York" had only to wait long enough after pronouncing each letter to get a "*knock in reply*," or pass over the interval of silence and take the next letter and try again. [Boston Transcript.

FOR CHILDREN.

[For the Register.]

FRANK AND THE COACH.

As Frank was one day walking in the country, he reached an inn. He was very tired and hungry; but he was obliged to satisfy his wants with a cup of beer and a bit of black bread, and continue his journey on foot, for he had not money enough to pay for any thing better. In a short time a fine carriage rolled by, in which sat a rich man, eating a slice of nice roasted meat, and sipping from a flask of wine. Frank looked wishfully towards him, and thought, if I could fare so well, I should feel happy. The gentleman saw him, and said to him, "Are you willing to change with me?" "That I will," said Frank, without stopping to think, "if you will get out of the carriage, and give me all that you have, I will give you all that I have." The gentleman quickly ordered his servants to lift him out of the carriage. Oh, what a sight! his feet were lame, he could not stand, but was forced to be held up by his servants, till the crutches were taken from the carriage, on which he could lean. "Ah," said he, "are you willing to change with me now?" "No, indeed," answered Frank, frightened, "my two feet are better to me than a thousand horses' feet. I had rather eat black bread, and be my own master, than have wine and roast beef, and be led about like a child." With these words he got up and walked away. "You are right," said the old gentleman, "if you could give me your strong limbs, you might have my carriage, my horses, my money, every thing for them; a healthy poor man is very much happier than a cripple, with riches. L. G. P.

TRUE DUNCAN AND THE CAT.

Once there was a little boy named Duncan. The boys used to call him *True Duncan*, because he never would tell a lie. One day he was playing with an axe in the yard of the school, and while he was chopping a stick, the teacher's cat, Tabby, came along. Duncan let the axe fall right on poor Tabby's head and killed her. What to do he did not know. She was a pet of the master, and used to sit on a cushion at his side, while he was hearing the lessons. Duncan stood and looked at the dead creature. His face grew very red, and the tears stood in his eyes. All the boys came running up, and every one had something to say. One of them whispered to the others, and said,

"Now, fellows, we shall see whether Duncan can make up a fib, as well as the rest of us."

"Not he!" said little Tom Pooley, who was Duncan's friend. "Not he! I'll warrant you, Duncan will be as true as gold."

Big Jones stepped up, and taking the cat by the tail, said, "Here boys I'll just fling her into the alley, and we can tell Mr. Cole that the butcher's dog killed her, you know he worried her last week."

Several of them thought this would do very well. But Duncan looked quite angry. His face swelled, and his cheeks grew redder than before.

"No!" said he, "no! Do you think that I would *lie* for such a creature as that! It would be a lie, *a lie, a lie!*" And every time he said the word, his voice grew louder and louder. Then he picked up the poor thing in his arms, and carried it into the school-room, and the boys followed to see what would happen. The master looked up and said,

"What is this? My faithful mouser dead! Who could have done me such an injury?" All were silent for a little while. As soon as Duncan could get his voice, he said,

"Mr. Cole, I am very sorry—but here is the truth. I can't lie; sir, I killed Tabby. But I am very sorry for it. I ought to have been more careful, for I saw her continually rubbing her sides against the log. I am very sorry indeed, sir."

Every one expected Mr. Cole to take down his long rattan. On the contrary, he put on a pleasant smile and said,

"Duncan, you are a brave boy! I saw and heard all that passed from my window above. I would rather lose a hundred cats, than miss such an example of truth and honor in my school. Your best reward is what you now feel in your own conscience; but I beg you to accept this handsome penknife, as a token of my approbation."

Duncan took out his little handkerchief and wiped his eyes. The boys could no longer restrain themselves, and when Tom Pooley cried, "Three cheers for True Duncan!" all joined in a hearty hurrah. The teacher seemed willing to allow this, and then said,

"My boys, I am glad you know what is right, and that you approve it; though I am afraid some of you could not have done it. Learn from this time, that nothing can make a falsehood necessary. Suppose Duncan had taken your evil advice, and had come to me with a lie, it would have been instantly detected, for I was a witness of what passed. I trust he has been governed in this by a sense of God's presence, and I exhort you all to follow his example."—*Penny Gazette.*

TIME.—A SKETCH.

I saw a temple, reared by the hands of man, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain. The streams beat upon it, the God of nature hurled his thunder-bolts against it, and yet it stood firm as adamant.

I returned, and lo! the temple was no more! Its high walls lay in scattered ruins; moss and wild grass grew rankly there; and at the midnight hour, the owl's long cry added to the deep solitude — the young and the gay who revelled there, had passed away. I saw a child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his mother, and the pride of his father. I returned, and that child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation, a stranger amidst the desolations around him.

"Who is this destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is Time," said he. "When the morning stars sang together with joy over the new world, he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that it beautiful on earth, plucked the sun from his sphere, veiled the moon in blood—yea, when he shall have rolled the heavens and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on sea, and one on land, lift up his hand toward heaven, and swear by heaven's Eternal, *Time is, Time was, but Time shall be no longer!*"

"Is there no way," said I, "to render Time a blessing instead of a curse!"

"Yes," said the angel. "By laying hold of him as he passes by, he will wait you swiftly to a blessed immortality; but by neglecting him, and suffering him to pass unheeded, he will bear you swiftly through waves of trouble to a deep gulf of woe. He rolls on most rapidly, and will reward you for your conduct towards him. If you would be happy, you must esteem him of infinitely more value than gold or silver. Grasp each moment as it flies, and spend it in doing good."

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